Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

JUNE

15¢

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

William D. Leahy
Dwight D. Eisenhower
Ernest J. King
Chester W. Nimitz

RENEE TERRY

VIGIL: The Story of Love That Healed a Great Loneliness

NEW 15 MINUTE HOME TRIAL TINTS HAIR



BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

As It Shampoos

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades. Only 50 cents each or 2 for $1.00.

ONE SHADE FOR EVERY TYPE

THE TINTZ SEXTET ... A SHADE


AUBURN


BLONDE


LIGHT BROWN


BLACK


MEDIUM BROWN




TINTS AS IT WASHES

TINTZ Color Shampoo

SEND NO MONEY . . . Just mail coupon on guarantee results must delight you or no cost . . .

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for two) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay, order today!

NOW YOU CAN GET TINTZ AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, WALGREEN'S, WHELAN'S, MOST DRUG STORES AND 5 & 10c STORES

If Not at Your Dealer's . . . Mail this Coupon Today

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!

TINTZ COMPANY, DEPT. 1-B, **205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.**
Canadian Office: Dept. 1-B, 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ **1 CAKE 50c** ☐ **2 CAKES $1**
(if C. O. D., postage charges extra)

NAME_____
(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

7-DAY TRIAL COUPON

(Tintz pays postage if money with order)

Check shade:
☐ Blonde
☐ Black
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Auburn (Titian)
☐ Dark Brown



There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?

Your bath only takes care of <u>past</u> perspiration, but to guard your <u>future</u> freshness—the word is Mum!

YES, YOUR bath washes away all *past* perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor *to come.* It can't safeguard your *future* freshness. That's a job Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake. Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!



Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds' doing. Mum's protection lasts all day or evening long. No risk of offending odor now. And isn't it nice to know that Mum won't injure fine fabrics —won't irritate your skin?

You're hitting it off! The one you dote on has eyes and ears for you alone. He thanks his lucky stars that you came into his life. And you make a super-salaam to Mum for keeping you so nice to be near. Underarm odor hasn't a chance. After your bath, before every date, you make sure of daintiness with Mum!



MUM 

takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

JUNE, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 1

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
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Natural Color Photograph by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"Now don't move, darling—I want to remember you as you naturally are."

Did You Know?

COME into the kitchen—There's a new dehydrated ice cream on the market that will be coming your way soon—in time for an answer to an ice-cream-hungry family's problems this summer, if the manufacturer's plans go well. It's not a mix, but real ice cream, with the fluid removed. You simply add water and pop the mixture into your refrigerator tray. Wait about forty minutes, and dessert's all ready! . . . *Short order*—A civic-minded citizen out in San Francisco has an invention that will be a boon to the lovers of the succulent hot dog. It's a vending machine—you drop in a coin, and out comes the frankfurter, cosily tucked into its accompanying bun, and piping hot. A high-voltage, high-frequency diathermy coil does the cooking. Rumor has it that the inventor is working on a mustard-cole slaw-onion dispenser on the side. . . .

Sweet substitute—Have you experimented with dextrose? It's at your grocer's or your favorite department store, or will be within a very short time. Dextrose is health sugar—and best of all, it's point free! Better not try substituting it for regular sugar in cooking, unless you have special recipes calling for it—but in your coffee, on cereals or fruit, it's a boon. . . . *Quick tricks*—husbands who complain that their wives cook with a can opener will have nothing to kick about in the postwar days. Canned main dishes have been experimented with by the army, seeking varied diets for soldiers, and the really excellent results of those experiments will be passed along to civilians come Victory. How do these sound—kidney stew, roast beef with plenty of gravy, roast pork with applesauce, beautifully browned hamburgers, tamales in their own sauce, ham and eggs and potatoes? They're all in cans now, for our boys, and in cans for all of us when the war is over. . . . *Things to come*—Plastics will provide us with a whole world of wonders for the household, when the industry can turn from wartime to peacetime production.

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Evening in Paris

GLORIOUSLY, YOUTHFULLY BECOMING

Face Powder!

"Triple Color-Blended" for a Lovelier Complexion . . .

Thank your beauty stars for Evening in Paris "triple color-blended" face powder . . . thrilling result of a marvelous French blending process exclusive in America with Bourjois.

You've never *seen* such face powder shades! Clear, fresh, vibrant colors that seem to touch your skin with a delicate flower-like bloom . . . in a texture of sheer silk velvet.

Try Evening in Paris "triple color-blended" face powder, won't you? See why they say "to make a lovely lady even lovelier . . . Evening in Paris face powder."



FACE POWDER $1.00 • LIPSTICK 50c
ROUGE 50c • PERFUME $1.25 to $10.00
(*All prices plus tax*)

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

Tune in "Here's to Romance," with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra, featuring Larry Douglas with guest stars—Thursdays, 10:30 P.M., E.W.T., Columbia Network.

Cinderella Story

THERE'S not one among us who at some time isn't a Cinderella—before she was transformed into a beautiful princess.

This is a story about a Cinderella who was a stenographer. She yearned to escape the dull routine of her job and enter the glamour world of secretaries. She had ability. But less talented girls forever passed her by. Whereupon she became more bored and unhappy; never realizing it was those three ugly sisters Timidity, Self-Consciousness and Poor Taste that were responsible for her stand-still plight.

However, this stenographer-Cinderella had a modern fairy godmother—an efficient secretary who knew and liked her when she came to help her on busy days and considered her for the assistant her boss had indicated she would soon need. Cinderella's appearance, however, was all wrong for a front office job. So the secretary decided to do a little wand waving.

First she taught Cinderella how to care for her hair, which was dry and much too fussily dressed for an office. She made her brush it thoroughly every night with a stiff bristled brush, using short strokes upwards and outwards until her whole head tingled. She recommended oil shampoos and a good tonic to restore the natural sheen.

Cinderella's figure was good. But her legs and ankles were heavy. The secretary showed her that great trick of exercising them during the day while she sat at her desk. She just rotated each foot from left to right. This seemed to loosen the tight leg muscles. It helped relieve foot strain and it broke down the fatty tissues around the ankles. A good all-round exercise which was fun was the swimming exercise. She would stretch out on a chair and lie face downward, with arms and legs outstretched. Then she would kick downward with first one leg, then the other. At the same time she would bring the left arm down to a position even with the hip, then forward and follow the same procedure with the right arm.

One of Cinderella's big problems was an extra dry skin. A too-light powder over it gave her a startling, ghost-white look. A visit to the cosmetic counter of a large department store resulted in a rich penetrating cream to be applied before the bath and kept on so that the steam and heat from the bath could help penetration; one of the new liquid foundations, with an oily base; paste rouge; the right shade of powder, lightly puffed on—and even the secretary was amazed. Last but not least, they purchased a cream deodorant which, used faithfully, would help keep her dainty and fresh no matter how hurried her office day.

The final step in Cinderella's transformation into a secretary was a basic wardrobe to fit her job. As the secretary pointed out, they were the front for their boss. A smart, well groomed secretary established that good first impression which was so important in office contacts. And she tactfully let it be known that Cinderella's wardrobe was entirely too fussy and too bright in color for the office. They decided that since brown was most becoming to Cinderella, a good basic dress of that shade, with changeable accessories, would do for the present. To augment this, they also purchased a tailored suit which was not too tailored for dressier blouses when she had a date right from the office. A good topcoat for all occasions, and Cinderella was ready for that all-important transition from stenographer to secretary. She had discovered that the right make-up, the right hair-do and the right clothes had given her poise and self-confidence. You can, too!



Beryl Vaughn, of the CBS Bachelor's Children cast, says that both a good secretary and a good actress need efficiency and charm.



"And she still won't get by"

What Madame La Couturière (nee Minnie Mooney) whispered about Barbara—now trying on her fourteenth hat—was cruel, but it was the truth. Everybody in town knew what Barbara's trouble was except Barbara herself . . . why men fell over themselves to meet her, then turned suddenly indifferent . . . why she was the "last resort" when a fourth at bridge or an extra girl was needed to fill out a party.

How About You?

Clothes, charm, good looks can count for little when your breath is off-color. You perhaps do not realize that halitosis (bad breath) is so common and that anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without knowing it.* It's wise to be always on guard against this condition, which can put you in such a bad light so quickly.

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse and gargle, offers you a simple and wholly delightful precaution that so many popular people rarely omit. Use it always before any "date" where you want to be at your best.

Listerine's rapid germicidal action halts food fermentation in the mouth and the odors it causes. And, although halitosis is sometimes systemic, this food fermentation, in the opinion of some authorities, is a major cause of unpleasant breath. Almost at once, in such cases, your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for Oral Hygiene



P. S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful dentifrice helps give it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

R
R



George says he'll pose, but he won't like it, while Gracie captures him for posterity on the walls of a Hollywood restaurant.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



She's one of the busiest (and prettiest) people in radio—Virginia Gregg, CBS actress.

WE'D like to talk about music for a minute—you know, the stuff that "hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Paul Lavalle has just been assigned to prepare a special series of musical programs for use in Army and Navy hospitals. They're not programs aimed primarily at entertainment. The programs are designed to reawaken an interest in living in wounded men, who, for one reason or another, aren't too keen on getting back into the swing of daily life.

Paul's been toying with this idea for months and carrying on experiments privately. He started thinking about musical therapy after a grateful mother wrote him that the soothing music of his all-string orchestra had finally put her sick child to sleep, when all other efforts, including drugs, had failed. Paul began to wonder, then, whether music couldn't be used for achieving the opposite results, to stimulate emotions, to excite a desire to live and to work. Now he's getting a chance to put his theories to a test in a well-organized and easily checked manner.

* * *

Gilbert Mack's terrific ear for the sound of foreign languages is catching up with him, it seems. Gil's always in demand on radio shows because of the authenticity of his dialects. And now he's playing the part of an Italian usher in "A Bell For Adano" on Broadway. Which leads us to the story he tells.

It seems his Italian grocer saw the play not long ago. Now, Gil has to order his groceries in Italian, or he isn't likely to get them. The hitch is that Gil can't speak Italian, but the grocer won't believe that and thinks he's just ashamed to speak it.

* * *

We wouldn't recommend this as an infallible way to get a job in radio, but we like Raymond Edward Johnson's story about how he got his first break. Raymond, of course, is your host on the Inner Sanctum show, and something of an institution now.



Suave and polished Les Tremayne fits perfectly his Nick Charles role in Columbia's Thin Man.

Raymond had been auditioning for director after director without getting anywhere. Finally, once after he'd finished his regular audition material, the umpteenth director asked him whether he could ad-lib a tough. By then, Raymond was very definitely fed up. He got all his bitterness and frustration and anger out of his system, turning the full force of it all on the director, who slowly turned the color of a ripe eggplant in the control booth.

But Raymond's spontaneous performance got him the job—and he kept it for four years. He's been a radio menace ever since—and loves it!

* * *

It comes to our notice that Harriet Hilliard has been chosen by over three hundred and fifty West Coast manufacturers as one of the Ten Best Dressed Women in Radio. Harriet is especially pleased at being designated as one of the "Ten" because she makes most of her clothes herself.

Who says actors are sophisticated and have no sentiment? They're always doing things like this. Milo Boulton, who emcees on We, the People, recently made a recording for his mother's birthday. He wrote a nine minute script that was a perfect imitation of his show, only the guests interviewed were Milo, his wife and an old friend of the family, who reminisced and told nostalgic stories for Milo's eighty-year-old mother. Milo figured this was one of the best ways to reach his mother, whom he has seen only once in six years because he's been too busy to take even one short vacation.

* * *

Bouquets to Margaret Arlen. Busy as she is with her daily radio talk and her announcing duties on Great Moments in Music, she found time recently to do fifty additional broadcasts in ten days. She went all out on the WAC recruiting drive. And for a very good reason. Along with the urgent need for Army and Navy Nurses, there's a crying need for eligible young women to sign up for the medical and surgical training in the WAC.

* * *

Happened to see this over at the Blue the other day. It was during a performance of Appointment With Life that we wandered into. Just as the closing theme music began, there came a great, but awful silence on the air. The di-



Henry Aldrich (Dick Jones) gets help on a ticklish problem from Geraldine—Pat Ryan in real life.

rector started waving his arms and the engineer looked frantic.

One of the actors, Sanford Bickart, his eyes on the director for a cue, looked around quickly, hustled over to a socket in the wall, plugged in a plug and held it there and the Hammond Organ began to give out its dulcet tones again until the announcer signed the show off the air.

Bickart saved that show, very much the way the Dutch boy once saved Holland by holding his thumb in the hole in the dyke. It's doubtful though that Bickart will go down in history and legend for his feat.

* * *

Next time you get annoyed by rationing and all "that fuss about points," remember this little bit of information that comes to us from the Writers' War Board. A cat hunt is on in Paris. A cat is food and clothing there. News dispatches say that one cat is worth about $6—half for its meat, half for its fur. In many towns around Europe, there are no cats left—not *even* cats!

* * *

Jean Ellyn claims she's the most murdered woman in the world—and we can see what she means. She plays in shows like David Harding—Counterspy and Famous Jury Trials and in almost every script she winds up on the grim reaper's side, probably because the quality of her voice arouses the listeners to the greatest amount of hatred for the killer. So, week after week, Jean goes on being stabbed, hit over the head, shot, choked, hanged, thrown over cliffs, poisoned and pushed under innumerable speeding trains and cars—all engineered by the sound man, of course. Wonder what her dreams are like by this time?

* * *

Saw a very swell thing over at Gallagher's at dinner time the other night. Six servicemen were the guests of part of the cast of "The Tempest," Mr. Shakespeare's opus that's packing them in on Broadway these days. It looked interesting, so we went over and talked to Canada Lee about it.

It seems that every week, the cast invites six wounded servicemen who are recuperating at one of the nearby hospitals to see the show, and then to

Are you in the know?



For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ *A skilled operator*
- ☐ *A cold wave*
- ☐ *A machine wave*

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your *daintiness* with care . . . especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.



Is this little beach belle—

- ☐ *Playing patty-cake*
- ☐ *Dive balmy*
- ☐ *Collar-bone conscious*

No, she's not "tetched" . . . just collar-bone conscious. And if *you* have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort—choose Kotex, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. And the special *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection.



If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ *Try to reform him*
- ☐ *Go smilin' through*
- ☐ *Make with the icicles*

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying *days*, too . . . when you laugh off "telltale outline" fears with the patented, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX*

than all other sanitary napkins put together



HER
Invisible Charm
IS THE SILKEN
FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry; armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh . . keeps fresh . . appealing, adorable.

•

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis, too!



The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

MAVIS talcum
FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., *Distributors*

go out and have some drinks and dinner with them. The GI Joes like it, gives them a boost to sit around and talk to stars and get to know them off the stage. It takes their minds off some of the bad tomorrows some of them have to look forward to and fear. The night we spotted the dinner party, there was one young lad who'd lost his leg and wasn't quite used to the idea yet—if he ever will be.

As for the actors— "It's good for us, too," Canada Lee said. "It kind of pulls us up short and brings it very sharp in our eyes that this war isn't over yet and how much we owe these kids."

* * *

In case you missed Bob Hawk's appeal, we're giving it to you again. Please send him all the spare decks of playing cards that you may have around the house.

Playing cards are urgently needed in service hospitals for recuperating patients, as weapons against loneliness, nervous tension, discouragement and boredom. The current paper shortage has put a stop to any chances of buying large quantities of playing cards. The only available supply is in our homes, where extra decks have piled up in table drawers and game rooms.

For maximum therapeutic value, each patient should be supplied with at least one deck of cards. Now, in many cases, there is only one deck to an entire ward.

So, send your "thanks to the Yanks" —send your extra decks of cards to Bob Hawk, care of CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

* * *

Virginia Gregg's a busy little actress. She wasn't always an actress. Two years ago, she was playing a bass viol with the CBS staff orchestra in Hollywood. She was kept pretty tied up with her music job and didn't have much time for her hobby, which was to act occasionally with the Pasadena Players. Virginia played twenty shows a week at the studio and had to rehearse for all of them, but she still managed to find enough time to play a few small parts and one lead at the Playhouse.

Then, one day, while her orchestra was rehearsing the music bridges for a dramatic show at the studio, the leading lady called up to say she was too ill to make the broadcast. The director tore his hair. He couldn't find a replacement at the last minute. Virginia had listened to enough rehearsals to know the script and she asked if she could read it. The director didn't like the idea, but there wasn't anything else for him to do, so he gave her the script. Virginia played the part on the air, taking her cues from a very nervous director, indeed. It wasn't until after the broadcast that she had time to tell him about her acting experience.

That was the start of Virginia's career as a radio actress. She's in New York, now, acting regularly on Ellery Queen, School of the Air, Big Sister and many other shows. And what do you think she does as a hobby, these days? In her spare time—when she can find any —she plays the double bass viol with a get-together orchestra made up of her musician friends, of course.

* * *

We're sorry Clete Roberts missed it, but history doesn't wait these days. Many months ago, General MacArthur promised Clete that he could introduce him to the listening audience, when the General made his first broadcast over the combined networks. Clete tried to get General MacArthur to address listeners back home several times, but MacArthur declined, saying, "I prefer not to talk by radio to the American people until this job is done—until I retake Manila. But when I do, I shall want you to introduce me."

But Clete was wounded on Leyte and invalided home and heard his "stand-in" Arthur Feldman do the job.

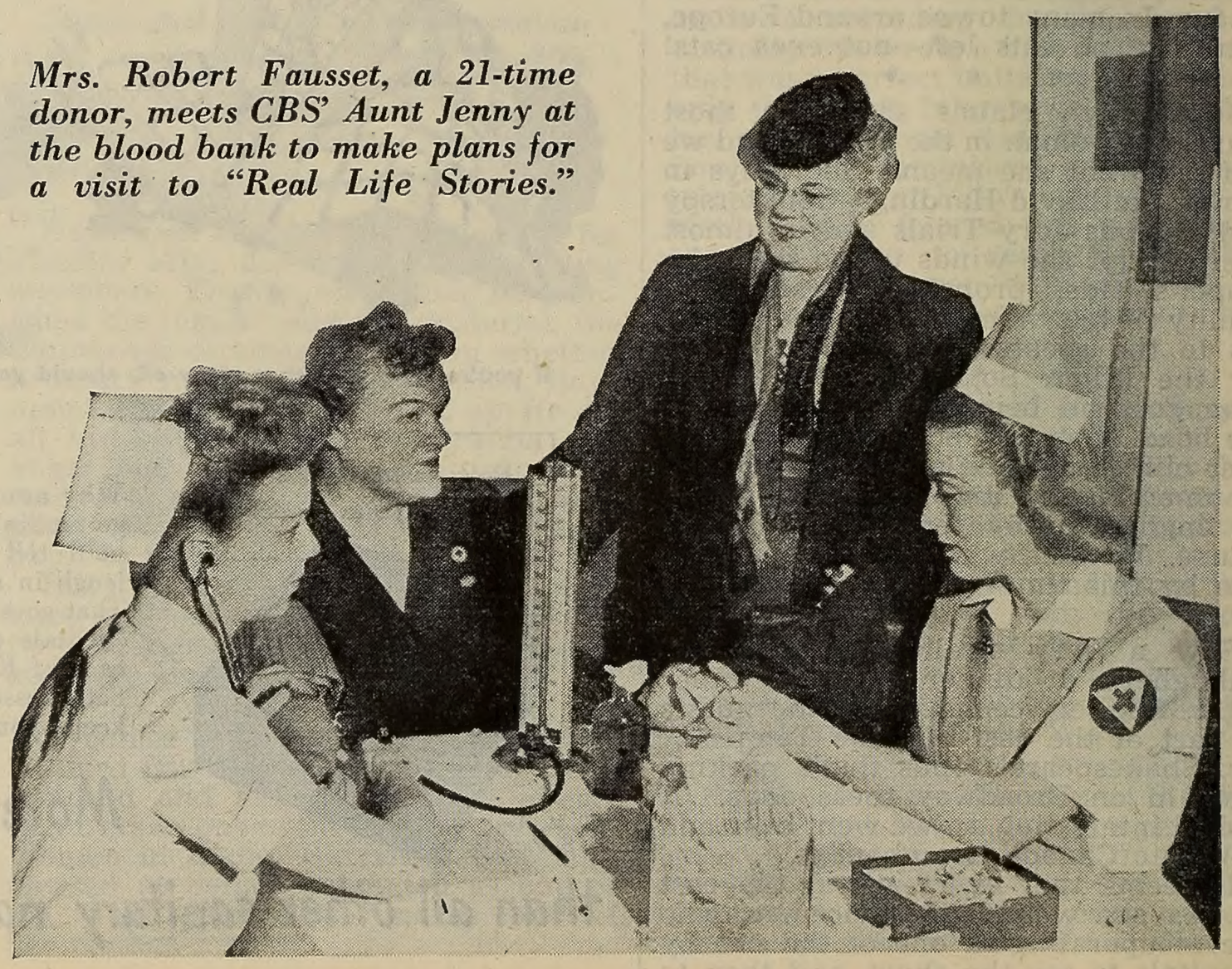
* * *

News item—Two CBS actors have their eyes way up ahead on the time when they might want something besides acting to fall back on. Dick Keith and Warren Parker have opened a restaurant—good food they serve, too—and they've called it "Copain," the French slang word for "chum."

* * *

We loved Tom Howard's gag about a skeleton—his definition being "a strip

Mrs. Robert Fausset, a 21-time donor, meets CBS' Aunt Jenny at the blood bank to make plans for a visit to "Real Life Stories."



teaser who forgot when to stop."

* * *

NBC has just set up a television receiving set in the recreation hall of the station hospital at Camp Shanks, N. Y. This is the ninth camp hospital in the immediate New York City area where servicemen can see television programs seven nights a week. It's an idea that ought to spread out, as much as possible.

* * *

One actor who is thoroughly and completely happy in his part is Edgar Barrier, who plays the name role in The Saint show. Barrier got his first movie part in a French picture, playing the part of a Chinese. From then on, he played Turks, Portuguese, Arabs, and countless Germans—all of them sinister and crooked characters. His part in The Saint is the first in which he speaks English without a foreign accent. But even better than that, he likes the part because he chases the crooks.

* * *

Bouquets to Ginny Simms, for her new policy of having veterans recently discharged, who were professional entertainers before their induction, as the guests on her programs. Actors, singers, musicians need to regain their self-confidence, their facility, after spending months in the armed forces, away from their work and all too often deep in the hell that is modern warfare. They also need a hearing—and Ginny's programs give them that. Good luck to all of them—and to Ginny.

* * *

It's tough to put your finger on just exactly what heroism means. It's even tougher to analyze the kind of character that will be heroic. And, in this connection, we love Correspondent Bill Downs' story about the two soldiers he overheard on the Western Front. The conversation went like this:

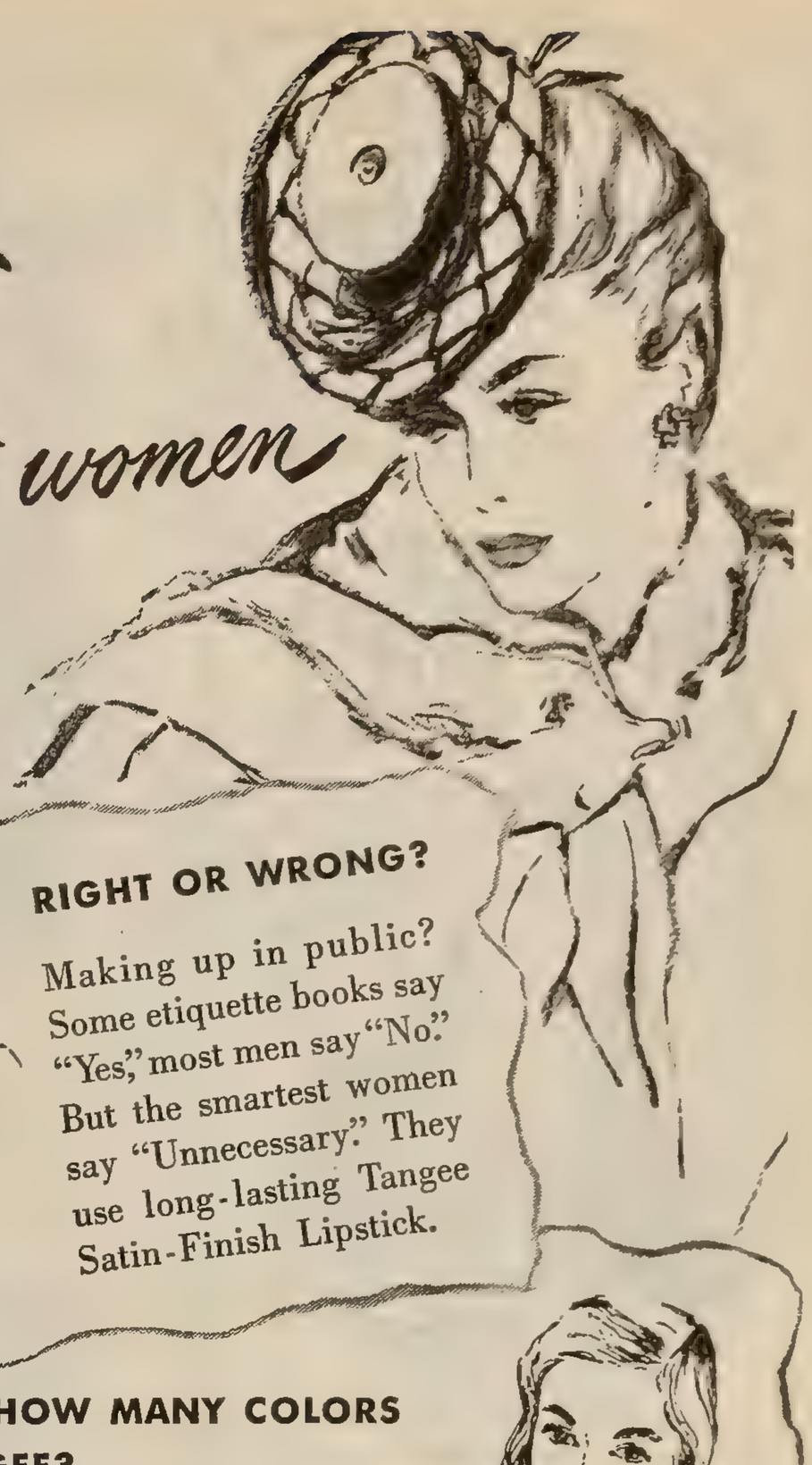
"Now, listen, Joe. All you gotta do is go in and let him work on you. It might hurt a little, but dammit, you knocked out a Tiger tank yesterday. Go on in and get it over with. We gotta get back to our outfit."

The scene was the doorway to a dentist's office.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM HERE, THERE AND THE NEXT PLACE . . . . An all-star cast headed by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Jimmy Durante will record "Dick Tracy," a program based on the comic strip, for the Armed Forces Radio Service. . . . Wayne King will be the summer replacement for Jack Benny. . . . Ben Grauer is now a commentator for Universal Newsreels. . . . A rocking horse named after Bobby Hookey will soon be on the market. . . . Jack Petruzzi, the Bert Carlon of the Ma Perkins shows, is in the Army now. . . . The Veterans of Foreign Wars have awarded Dinah Shore their Citizenship Medal for her morale-building services both here and abroad. . . . Danny O'Neill can take his bows now for having collaborated with Abel Baer in writing "One Dream For Two". . . . Don McNeill has been signed up for another five years of the Breakfast Club show. . . . Dick Brown has also been re-signed by his sponsor. . . . Carmen Lombardo has a pet parrot that will only sing tunes composed by Carmen. . . . Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood will be made into a million-dollar movie by Golden Pictures. . . . Clete Roberts, NBC war correspondent, has been added to the cast of the movie being made from Ernie Pyle's best-seller, "Here Is Your War."

Lipstick Quiz for smart women





RIGHT OR WRONG?

Making up in public? Some etiquette books say "Yes," most men say "No." But the smartest women say "Unnecessary." They use long-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.



HOW MANY COLORS IN TANGEE?

Four! Tangee Red-Red...very exciting! Tangee Theatrical Red ...it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.



IS SHE OLD-FASHIONED?

Yes, her dry lips are out-of-date. Tangee Satin-Finish insures smooth-as-satin lips that are not too dry—not too moist.

WHO IS SHE?

Constance Luft Huhn, leading authority on beauty...Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.



Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

R
R

"Let Up WHEN NATURE LETS ME DOWN? Not Me!"



YOU watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain and discomfort. So look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. *Have relief handy!*

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol eases your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore, today.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

Ted Steele's a pretty busy man these days, but he can always find time to play with his small daughters, Sally and Susan.



FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN



Second only to Dinah Shore in the hearts of American troops — that's Anita Ellis!



Soprano Jean Merrill stars on two shows—she's heard on Tuesdays and Saturdays, MBS.

BY the time you read this both Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra should be overseas entertaining our soldiers in the Pacific war zones.

* * *

As soon as his divorce decree becomes final, crooner Jerry Wayne will take himself a new bride, this one a glamorous showgirl.

* * *

Artie Shaw still crusading vigorously against pesty autograph clowns. When he was in New York recently he was so furious with one kid who trailed him and his glamorous date, Ava Gardner, that Shaw threatened to have the kid arrested as a public nuisance!

* * *

Beatrice Kay is feuding with her sponsor. She wants to do more than just sing those gaslight era favorites.

* * *

Morton Gould can have his pick of three top network shows if he only consents to conduct a band of less than 50 pieces.

* * *

Lena Horne had trouble getting into the better hotels and restaurants on her recent New York visit. She had to stay at a moderately priced hostelry.

* * *

Although Eddie Cantor's daughter, Marilyn, has already made her debut as a night club singer, she and her famous dad are still arguing about it. The pop-eyed star doesn't want his daughter to pursue a singing career. Marilyn reminded him that he started out in a Coney Island honky tonk. Eddie wired back this admonition: "Unfortunately you inherited your

mother's talents rather than mine."

* * *

Incidentally that romantic buildup between Cantor's singer Nora Martin and his bandleader, Leonard Suess, is a fake. Nora's happily married to a GI now overseas.

* * *

Ted Steele has organized a band made up of top-ranking radio advertising agency officials. They play just for laughs. The fiddle player is Gordon Yates of Young and Rubicam.

* * *

Benny Goodman has reorganized his full sized band, featuring Teddy Wilson at the piano; once again the king of swing is back at the top of the musical ladder.

* * *

The broadcasting battles between stubborn-minded orchestra leaders and singers continues unabated. Instead of blending their talents, many of them try to outshine each other and the result is one or the other is a beat or two ahead. Best example of the perfect wedding between singer and orchestra is Bing Crosby and John Scott Trotter. Unfortunately few others can match this sterling performance.

* * *

How important it is for an eager young musician to know the faces of the prominent orchestra leaders is proved by this sad, sad tale. A young musician received a phone call asking him to audition. He was given the bandleader's hotel room number but not his name. The musician dashed over but didn't check up at the hotel desk to get his auditioner's name. Entering the room he didn't recognize the man. He played and played beautifully. The orchestra leader smiled, offered him a contract.

"That's great," said the musician, "but may I ask who you are?"

The maestro pounded the desk violently, turned red and yelled: "The name is Dorsey. D-O-R-S-E-Y."

* * *

RHYTHMS AND RABBITS

One day recently in the august chambers of Congress, a New York representative rose to his feet and paid glowing tribute to a radio orchestra leader. Few men of modern music have been so honored. The recipient of this citation is the musical director of NBC's Supper Club show, 28-year-



Joan Merrill contributes beauty as well as songs to the Charlie McCarthy show.

Famous beauty pack helps *deflake* faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'



This Remarkable Development In Skin Culture Also Marvelous To 'Perk-Up' Weary Complexions On Short Notice!

Your skin (even when you're young) must constantly 'flake off' or 'shed' dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells. If not — this is often the reason your complexion appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured — so dull and lifeless.

One of the most effective and quickest ways to hasten this deflaking process along is famous Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack — a perfect *honey* of a 'pepper-upper' for tired, bored complexions.

Marvelous 'Blushing' Action

All you do is spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and *relax*. You can actually feel its tightening, stimulating effect on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes.

It's almost unbelievable—but your mirror will *confirm* the lovely results. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so *alive*-looking with such a thrilling glow and charm. This is due to the mild *rubefacient* or 'blushing' action of Hopper's.

Let Hopper's White Clay Pack show *you* the secret of looking your dazzling best on short notice when that 'important man' unexpectedly comes to town. Also to help maintain enchanting natural 'top-skin' loveliness thruout the years. At any cosmetic counter.



GIRLS IN YOUR 'TEENS'!

Don't forget Hopper's White Clay Pack is also marvelous for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads. Notice how much fresher, clearer your skin appears.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY PACK

Toothsome? He's a Canteen Casanova!



The gals come in on his smile like a radio beam. Because? He's learned that *super-fine* Pebeco Powder cleans his teeth better. He's discovered how Pebeco stays on the job *polishing,* doesn't wash right away when you start to brush.



That special combination of polishing agents in Pebeco does it. *Micro-fine,* non-abrasive, Pebeco Tooth Powder stays with your toothbrush—clings to your teeth while you polish. No wonder it leaves them so immaculate and sparkling!



That super-smile is worth a million! See how winning *your* smile can be when you use *super-fine* Pebeco Powder. Makes your mouth *feel* sparkling, it tastes so fresh and minty. Let your smile reflect how smart you are! Get Pebeco today.

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine



Copyright 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

old good-looking Ted Steele. But there's a hitch to it. Although a talented musician, it wasn't for Ted's musical ability that some 1,000 words in the Congressional Record were printed about him.

What few people know is that this same Ted Steele is the nation's largest supplier of laboratory animals—guinea pigs—used by our Army and Navy scientists to fight disease and help save countless lives of our fighting men.

Talking to Ted about his double duty I found that his war-time role has practically made him switch careers.

Ted's huge farm at Pearl River near Nyack, N. Y., produces some 12,000 rabbits a year as well as thousands of other guinea pigs. These animals furnish important serums needed by the medical corps.

"At the time of Pearl Harbor," continued Ted, "the government sent out a rush call for rabbits. They asked me to coordinate the job. At that time no one in this country had any sizeable quantity of these animals, so I got in touch with rabbit breeders in every state."

Day and night Ted performed his task even though it often interfered with his lucrative band business. Today he has some 850 sub-contractors breeding rabbits for Uncle Sam. In addition to the armed forces' needs, these serum supplies are also provided to 130 hospitals for pneumonia cases and pregnancy tests.

How important our government thinks Ted's work is reflected in the shipping priorities given Ted's rabbits. They get an AA1 top shipment.

Ted's sponsor often worries that Ted's time-consuming work will seriously interfere with his broadcasts. To date Ted hasn't missed a broadcast or a beat.

Just recently Ted was informed by the government that there was a shortage of Webster mice, which are a source of a serum needed to treat our men stationed in tropical climes. In 48 hours Ted found a man on the West Coast who bred these rodents. Next day Ted and his equally energetic wife Doris were waiting at LaGuardia Airport for their precious cargo.



Director Opie Cotes and Judy Canova work out one of those "operatic yodel" arrangements.

Ever since childhood Ted has been crazy about animals. His moppet menagerie contained all barnyard life, lizards, worms, mice, and his beloved rabbits.

Even then he was doing double duty. He learned the piano at four and a few years later he won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music. Strangely enough his parents have no musical talents and have just a normal affection for animals.

In high school Ted organized a jazz band. This nettled his serious music teacher and he had to forfeit his scholarship.

During the summer months Ted, like Charlie Barnet, played in a dance band on ocean-going liners. After two years of college and a fling at business school, Ted got a job at a local radio station playing piano and announcing. Aiming for bigger things, the youngster applied for a job at NBC. They sent him to their Montgomery, Alabama, outlet for seasoning.

"After a spell there I went to Beverly Hills and KMBC. I was practically a one man station."

A wire from NBC summoned Ted east. He rode day coach, stayed up three consecutive nights. Ted got the NBC job but it was as page boy at $15 a week.

As a page boy he guided visitors through the catacombs of Radio City. During lunch hours he pestered program officials. In desperation NBC finally gave Ted program work and he played and m.c.'d a flock of sustainers. Concentrating on the novachord, Ted attracted attention. By 1940 he had his own dance band, won engagements at the Stork Club and Hotel Lincoln.

Ted's income increased and he poured money into his hobby—breeding laboratory animals. When his two operations became more than man-sized jobs he hired a secretary, Doris Brooks, an attractive brunette and ex-dancer. A year later he married her. The Steeles have two children, Sally, two, and Susan, three.

"Doris is my right hand and I consult her on every detail," said Ted. "My stenographer has now practically become my dictator but I don't mind."



Tenor Jimmy Carroll and band leader Ted Dale have a new three-times-a-week CBS show.

Now! FOR THE FIRST TIME

One powder-shade intensely flattering to 4 different types of skin!



"Bridal Pink"

BLENDED BY ENTIRELY NEW COLOR-PRINCIPLE

Makes even a bride look more romantic!

Here's something entirely new and different in a shade of face powder!

Lady Esther's exciting new "Bridal Pink" is not just for one particular type of skin-coloring. Blended by means of a new patented color-principle, it's *intensely flattering to these four basic types:*

IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look *softer, more feminine!*

IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will intensify the contrast, make you look *more romantic!*

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will give an exciting lift to your *entire appearance!*

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion . . . "Bridal Pink" will *wake up* your skin, give it life and warmth!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look *different* tomorrow! Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" — the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth.

The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55c. There are also handy pocket-book sizes for 10c and 25c. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" *today!*



Lady Esther FACE POWDER



Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The 'life secret' of all color is glow

The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on *glow*. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—*imparts* it.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertone and overtone).

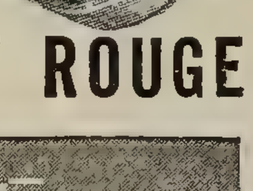
So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be.*

The right way to Rouge

Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



For faces of fashion ⇨



PRINCESS PAT ROUGE



Princess Pat LIQUID LipTone
—won't rub off no matter what your lips may touch. Stays on, tempting and lovely for hours. Fashion-right shades. Featured at smarter stores $1. Send 25c coin for generous trial bottle.

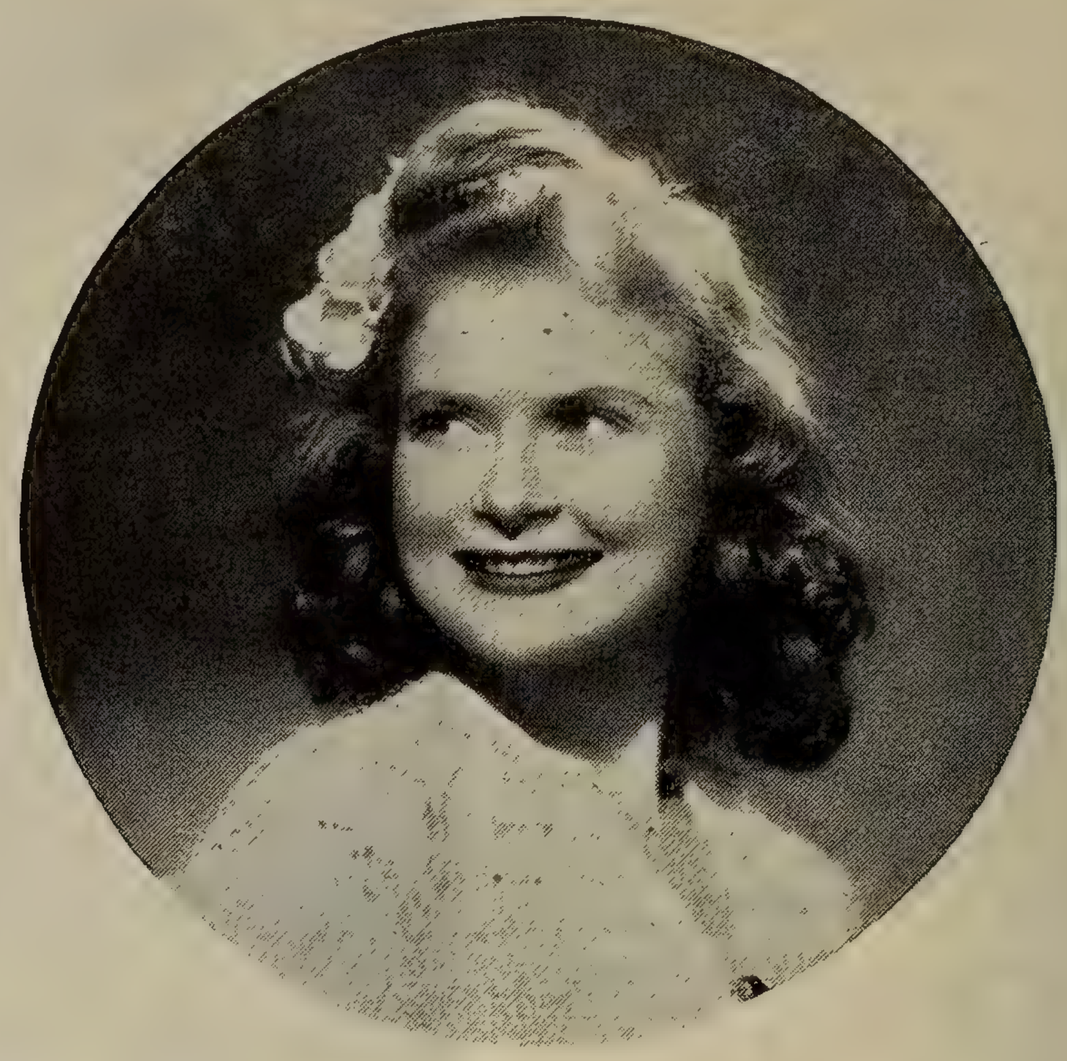
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 5146, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

She's a singer, an actress and a model—and she's fighting a losing battle against marriage. Considering that Renee Terry is barely old enough to vote, she's been a pretty busy girl!



COVER GIRL

ONCE you've found Renee Terry, you can't lose her again. There she is when you tune in on Bright Horizon, as Barbara; there she is again when you try the Aldrich Family, Kate Smith Hour, District Attorney, Manhattan at Midnight, and Grand Central Station. If you pick up a magazine to get her off your mind—there she is once more, silent this time, but right on your trail . . . you'll see her smiling enticingly over toothpaste and dress advertisements, or posing in misty evening gowns to illustrate a love story. And if you look out the window—voila! she graces a billboard!

For Renee is a singer, an actress, and a model. And considering that she's only just able to vote, that's pretty fast footwork. Considering further that she's a blue-eyed blonde of five-feet-one who barely dents the scales at 98 pounds—that's terrific.

To add the final personal touch to these notes on Miss Terry, let us add that she is fighting a losing battle against marriage. By which we mean that she is still single and fancy-free, but not through any fault of the men of New York City. Proof? Well, for instance, Miss Terry is a Nurse's Aide in her spare hours; so recently her picture appeared in a New York newspaper in her nurse's uniform, feeding a baby in the Beth Israel Hospital. This event was noted by 341 bachelor readers of the newspaper—and for days Renee's telephone jingled with frantic proposals. For days an army of messenger boys delivered telegrams, candy and flowers to her apartment door. For days the mailman groaned under a towering pile of letters. All 341 wanted to marry Miss Terry at once—but as Renee used the word "No" faster than most girls can say "Yes," she is still down on the income tax blanks as "Single, With No Dependents."

The tiny blonde was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, twenty-one years ago, her mother being a non-professional pianist and her father a non-pro singer and dancer—by name of Phillip Terry. (No relation to Joan Crawford's husband, though.) Renee idled away her life until she was four years old; then she got briskly down to business with singing and dancing lessons. A year later a movie talent scout looked on her with the same amazed delight that Balboa used for the Pacific Ocean; and she was instantaneously the star of twelve movie shorts. But after these were over, six-year-old Miss Terry felt that she needed still more grooming, so she went back to singing, dancing and dramatic lessons. She also went to school—Public Schools 199 and 99 in Brooklyn, New York, where her family had moved; and the famous Professional Children's School where nearly every young actor and actress of the current generation studied. Her schooling over, she leaped into radio and modeling and has done quite all right by both of them ever since.

Oh, yes—and here's one more milestone in the Terry career—there are so many of them that it's hard to tabulate and record them all, but we'll try to keep the record straight. It's this: At seventeen, Renee transferred her acting abilities and aspirations from radio to the stage for a while.

First, she appeared on Broadway in a play called "Honor Bright." Not content with that, she also did a road engagement with the musical comedy "Hi

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Ya, Gentleman," following it up with a season of summer stock at Spring Lake, New Jersey—a stock company in which the redoubtable Danny Kaye also played. So you can't say that Renee Terry is merely a one-field girl when it comes to acting—she knows what the back stage of a legitimate theater is like, too!

Likewise, you can't say that Renee has never made recordings, if you're looking around for some field into which she hasn't yet poked her pert and pretty little nose. Renee was the singing princess in a recorded album of "Gulliver's Travels."

As you can see, the talented and ambitious Miss Terry has covered, at twenty-one, more territory than most of us can manage to cover by the time we reach eighty. And what's more, she is not the least bit out of breath, either. She takes everything quite calmly in her stride—there are things she wants to do so she simply goes ahead and does them, and what's all the fuss about? Her mother and her pretty little still-teen-age sister feel the same way about how to get ahead in life, and perhaps that's why sister is already making a name for herself in a half-dozen different ways—not trailing along in Renee's footsteps, but getting along very well on her own, thank you. Quite a family, the Terrys!

Just the way Renee went about the business of having her picture taken for the cover of this issue of RADIO ROMANCES illustrates how she's able to cram so much working and living into the twenty-four hours the day has to offer. There was no fuss or nonsense about it. Renee and her mother arrived at the studio precisely on time—not a second wasted. She bowed to the judgment of the make-up man, realizing that he knew more about make-up for color photography than she did, and not wasting precious moments in futile argument.

When she stepped before the camera, she asked what she was expected to do, and when she was sure she understood, went ahead and did it. She even made a couple of suggestions for propping up the bonds and letter used on the cover so that they wouldn't slip at a crucial shutter-clicking moment and spoil a shot. And when the shooting was over, she was out of her dress and make-up lickety-split, and swiftly and efficiently on her way to whatever else the day held in the way of appointments. An attitude like that explains how she's able to make one minute do the work of two for her.

Renee finds time, between Nurses' Aide duties and her hectic career, to play tennis, go horseback riding—and, believe it or not, she stays quietly at home long enough to dash off poems and sample radio scripts by the yard. But she spends most of her time for fun trying not to sail down a bowling alley after a ball—her microscopic weight makes this a real struggle.

And when she isn't doing any of these myriad activities, you can find her shouting and running around her apartment like the most unglamorous urchin in the world—with a wire-haired terrier named Jiggsy as her goal. Jiggsy is her best friend and no critic at all; wherever Renee goes, he goes too like a brisk little shadow. The future? Well, we peeked in our special crystal ball, and what we saw was Hollywood first, and a grimly determined young husband next. And our predictions never fail!

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



YOUR NOSE KNOWS— THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX



Picker-upper! Ever since the drive started, Nancy has salvaged more tin cans than any other child in her block. Salvaged them for our Government, which needs them so badly.

Now, after her last delivery, Nancy drifts off to a well-won sleep, relaxed from head to foot by the marvelous cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the *dream* mattress. Made by Simmons Company. Today's owners of Beautyrests are lucky people. For Beautyrest has 837 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Take care of *your* Beautyrest, for we're still all-out on war work, with no end to it in sight.

If you *need*—really *need*—a new mattress now, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. The "mattress-within-a-mattress"—soft, durable, with layer upon layer of fine resilient cotton. READ ON! The Government has permitted us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The world's most comfortable mattress!

Made by **SIMMONS COMPANY**

P. S. SAVE YOUR TIN CANS! FLATTEN THEM OUT. FIND OUT WHEN COLLECTIONS ARE MADE AND PUT THEM OUT! PLEASE!

Letters from a Soldier

People can love and still be strangers, apart, unless their love is a flame bright enough to light them into one another's hearts



March 19.

Dearest Gale,

The great-grandfather of all blizzards is howling around outside, and that means this week's mail delivery, due today, won't get through. None of us cares about the blizzard—after all, a weather station in Newfoundland has to expect some snow once in a while—but you should have heard the gripes over missing the mail when we found out the storm was coming. Right up until last night, Joe Hardison—his wife just had a baby and he's waiting for his first letter from her—kept thinking they might send the plane from the base ahead of time. I suppose he knew he was kidding himself, but a guy can dream, can't he?

Well, I'm disappointed too, but I tell myself it's all for the best. Maybe I'll get two letters from you next time, or even three. Meanwhile, there's nothing to stop me writing to you, even though there isn't a chance of getting the letter out and on its way for several days. I can sit here, goggling at the weather map on the wall back of my desk, but not seeing it because I'm too busy thinking that just



about now you're leaving Bert's insurance office on your way to lunch. I've dressed you in that blue wool suit we bought in Chicago the last day of our honeymoon. Remember how we decided we ought to do something to celebrate the *last* day, to keep it from being a gloomy one? Of course, I wondered at the time how it worked out that the celebration was a new suit for you and not a dinner at the Chez Paree for *both* of us! I'm just kidding, honey—I got as big a kick out of the suit as you did. That's why I've put it on you today.

Anyway, there you are, wearing it while you walk down the street to the drug store. It's not very cold in Herkimer today, I've decided. The winter's over there, the sun is shining, and there's no snow on the ground. That's why you don't need a coat. You're not wearing a hat, either. Your hair is hanging down to your shoulders, shining where the sun hits it, and if I put out my hand now I'll bet I could feel it under my fingers, soft as fog but a lot more satisfying. On second thought, I guess I'd better not—you never went much for having me muss your hair after you'd got it fixed for the public. I'll just watch you walk along in that special way you have, quick, almost running, like a little girl, and looking at everybody you meet as if you were thinking, "Who are you? What sort of a person are you? Would I like you?"

That's what got me, you know—that look. I was a gone duck, the minute you turned it on. There's a kid up here, about twenty, and so idealistic it hurts. He's got ideas on everything, and one of them is that it's not right for a fellow and a girl to get married unless they've known each other a long time. "Heck," I told him, "my wife and I had known each other just four days when we decided to get married."

The kid looked shocked. "Four days?" he said. "How did you meet her?"

"Walked into my best friend's office while I was home on leave, and there she was—his secretary," I said. "I fell in love the minute I laid eyes on her."

"That wasn't love," the kid says gloomily. "That was only sex."

But I told him that was where he had things figured out all wrong. The way it happened—like a flash of lightning—was exactly what proved it *was* real love. No backing and filling, no playing around—just the real thing, and no doubt about it. Right, honey? Right.

Then the kid says well, anyway, a fellow in the Army shouldn't get married when he knows he's going to be sent out of the country pretty soon, and I had to admit he had something there. A honeymoon and a ten-day leave don't add up to much of a married life, and I sort of wish we could have had more. Probably the trouble is just that I'm so gosh-darned lonesome for you.

Well, I've filled up four pages, and haven't said anything I couldn't have said in a couple of lines—just that I love you, and miss you like the devil. Keep the letters coming, sweetheart.

I almost forgot—Mom wrote she hadn't seen you for quite a while. Drop around now and then, won't you, dear? I know you and she don't get along very well, but it's only because you never had a chance to get to know each other. And you can see her point in being a little bit hurt when you decided not to give up your little apartment and live with her and Dad while I was gone. She doesn't realize it would have been tough for you, after being independent and on your own since you were sixteen.

Good night, and all my love.

Rod.

P. S. Two days later. The storm let up, and they dropped our mail—but no letter from you, darn it. I'm sending this in by Cpl. Michael—he's got a transfer. Wonder what we'll draw as his replacement.

March 25

Dearest,

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather—and one off a sparrow, at that. Who do you suppose showed up to replace Cpl. Michael? Phil Rulison from Herkimer! I knew he was in the service, naturally, but I never expected to see him up here. I didn't know him so well back home—he's three or four years older than me, about twenty-seven, I'd guess—but the way we slapped each other on the back and grinned all over our fool faces you'd have thought we were long-lost brothers. He had a leave in Herkimer just before being shipped up here, so he was able to bring me up to date on all the local news. He knows you pretty well, at least by sight—

Honey, it's about an hour since I stopped writing. I've been sitting here, staring at the paper and wondering what I ought to say. When I started the letter I thought I wouldn't say anything. But I don't know. It's so darned easy to get off the track up here. A handful of fellows, living practically in each other's laps, nothing but work to do, no place at all to go except once a month or so to the air base— You can imagine what it's like. Don't get the idea that I'm complaining—I know, all right, there are a lot of guys in this war a hell of a lot worse off than I am. But just the same, it gets on your nerves after awhile, and you start thinking things that wouldn't ever enter your mind back home. And if you're not careful—if you let them stick in your head and don't do anything about getting rid of them—they can drive you about crazy. So I think I'll tell you what this is all about, and you can write and call me all kinds of an idiot, and I'll feel better.

After all, what happened isn't so much. Just writing it down is going to make me feel silly. When I asked Phil if he knew you, he got a funny look in his eyes. I've seen the same look on men's faces just before they went

"There's no use pretending I want you to go out with other fellows, but you've a right to fun. All I want is a full report, so I can picture you and feel that I've been there too."



through the infiltration course in basic—scared but determined, getting set to do something they didn't want to do, and weren't sure they could, but had to try. Then he grinned. "Sure," he said. "Boy, you weren't satisfied with anything less than the prettiest girl in town, were you?"

THAT made me feel good, of course, and I figured I'd been mistaken about seeing his expression change. "Is she getting along all right?" I asked, and Phil said, "Oh yes, fine. But of course I didn't see much of her—most of my time on leave I took things easy around the house." After that he began talking about something else.

I told you it wouldn't sound like much. But—well, I knew Phil could have told me *something* else, but he didn't because he'd made up his mind not to. You can tell, with somebody like Phil. He's not much of a liar. So is anything wrong, sweetheart? Have you been sick, or lost your job, or—anything at all? You never say much in your letters—I guess writing letters isn't your strong point—but I always thought that if you were in any trouble you'd let me know. Now I can see that you might easily figure, in that funny little head of yours, that you mustn't tell me anything unpleasant because I'd worry. But I'm a big boy now, and I can take it—I can take anything better than wondering if you're all right, and not being at all sure you are. I'd go after Phil and make him break down and tell all (if there is anything to tell, and I'm not just imagining it) but somehow I don't like to do that. He might think it was funny, as if I didn't trust you or something, and of course that isn't the idea at all.

So sit down as soon as you get this and write me a long letter. Really take time out for the job, will you, baby? If anything's bothering you, tell me all about it. Incidentally, just in case it's something to do with money, I'm enclosing a postal order for fifty bucks. If you don't need it, put it in the bank for that house we're going to buy when the war's over. Hope I hear from you soon. Lovingly,

Rod.

April 1

Hello, sweetheart!

The mail came in today with two—count 'em—*two* letters from you, and for a bonus a couple of letters and a package of *Gazettes* from Mom. I'm well supplied with reading matter now. You say you've been busy, and I'm glad of that. It's too early for an answer to the letter I wrote the day Phil arrived, but I sort of gather from what you say that my imagination was working overtime. Anyway, I've read your letters right side up, sideways and between the lines, and I can't find a single hint that anything's bothering you. So I feel better. Guess I was borrowing trouble. It's about the only thing there is to borrow up here.

It's night now, and we're all sitting around listening to the radio. I never bothered much with it when I was home, but you'd be surprised how much kick we all get out of listening to it here. I think one reason I like it so much is that I can imagine you listening to the same programs, back home—laughing at the same jokes, tapping your feet to the same music. And don't tell me your feet aren't tapping, because I know better. I remember how much you love to dance, and if I were home, we'd be out dancing somewhere right now.

Speaking of dancing, I've been thinking. We never talked much about it, because there wasn't time, but I don't want you to be the kind of service wife that just works and goes home and never has any (*Continued on page* 93)





Be My Love

This stranger, so lovable, so gentle, had brought her heart to life. What was she to do with it now, if he didn't want it for himself?

"THERE ARE no trains until tomorrow," the clerk at the information booth told me, "and maybe not for a day or two. You'd be wise to go back to the city, Miss, but if you insist on going through to Medina, I'm afraid you'll just have to make yourself comfortable in the station."

I stared at the clerk without understanding much of what he'd said. Oh, I understood about the trains, all right—that there'd been a washout on the road, and that there was no possibility of getting through until the next day. But it wasn't quite six o'clock now; surely he didn't recommend my spending the night in the station waiting room. "Can't you suggest a hotel?" I began, and then someone touched my arm. "He means it," a voice said.

I looked up into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen, very serious blue eyes in a brown face, oddly at variance with the jaunty tilt of the sailor hat. "He means it," the sailor said earnestly. "There isn't a hotel room in town. I know. I came in on the noon train, and I've spent all afternoon trying to find a place for the night. You'll save yourself trouble if you don't bother to look."

I said, "Well . . . thank you," doubtfully, and I stooped for my bags. Porters were as scarce as hotels seemed to be. I felt rather than saw the clerk and the sailor exchange glances, as if to ask what the foolish woman was going to do now. "Better check those bags, Miss," the clerk called kindly, and, with a glance at me, the sailor lifted them to the baggage counter. I thanked him again, and he touched his hat and turned away.

I paid for the bags, stood turning the checks in my hand, making a little ceremony of putting them into my purse, simply because I didn't know what to do next. Have dinner, I supposed, and my heart sank. I knew from experience that when you ate by yourself, the most elaborate meal never took long—and then what would I do? Go to a movie, and come back to this dreary station. . . .

Slowly I walked toward the door. There were dozens of people milling around in the station, many of them, like me, with their journeys interrupted, set at loss by the change in their plans. Still, I felt very much alone. I hadn't exactly been eager to get to Medina, where my brother Bill and his wife, Irene, lived, and where I spent all of my vacations. I was fond of Bill and he of me, but although Irene meant to be kind, I couldn't help knowing that I made a thirteenth at her bridge club, and that she worried—far more than I did—about finding escorts for me to the parties given by her circle of young married friends. But I cared much less to take the train back to the city, as the clerk had suggested. I'd been working there for five years, ever since my parents had died and I'd had my choice of caring for myself or of being an extra wheel in my brother's household, and I was tired of it, tired of pavement, of air that was never untainted, of a one-room apartment shared with another girl. Medina had sunshine to offer, at least, and green lawns, and a lake to swim in.

I pushed open the door, saw with dismay the crowds that were waiting for taxis, with more dismay the dingy warehouse district in which the station stood. The sailor was standing at the far end of the entrance. He saw me, hesitated, and then came toward me, his hat in his hand. The low sun was very bright on his dark head, on the bar of multi-colored ribbons on his chest. "I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I don't want you to think I'm fresh—but I thought that if we could have dinner together, and maybe see a show, it'd pass the time. My name's Dick Lord."

I was startled, and then I wanted to laugh. Surely no one in the world would ever accuse this big, diffident young man of being fresh. "I'd like to, very much," I said. "My name's Louise Hale."

"Well—" He looked dubiously at the people packing into taxis, and I suggested that we walk. Silently we started out, silently walked a block toward the criss-cross of lights of the business section. "He's shy," I thought, and wondered how I was ever going to make conversation with him. Then I stole a sidewise glance at him, and I decided that I didn't regret accepting his invitation. My head barely reached his shoulder—a very broad pair of shoulders—and although he was shortening his steps to match mine, he walked with an easy strength. A feeling of satisfaction and security stole over me, and I was glad that I wasn't alone on the dingy street.

He smiled down at me, a slow attractive smile. "You're from the city, aren't you?"

I nodded, feeling small and white and pinched beside him, as if one look at me were enough to tell anyone that I never got quite enough sunshine. "I work there, in an insurance office. I'm going to Medina to spend my vacation with my brother and his wife."

"This is my vacation, too. I've got a thirty-day leave. Only Medina's just a transfer point for me—I've got another day's ride after I change there. That's why I hope we get through tomorrow. I haven't been home in two years, and I hate to spend the time traveling."

"Where is your home?"

"In Missouri. My dad has a stock farm there."

I liked the way his face lighted as he mentioned his home. I liked other things about him too—the way he tactfully but firmly overruled me when the restaurant I chose turned out to be almost embarrassingly modest upon close inspection, and guided me to a really



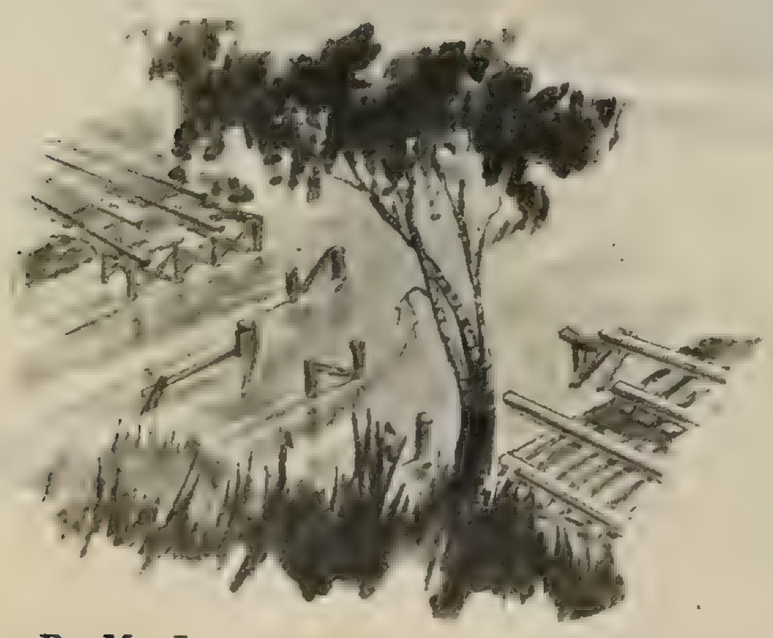
nice one across the street, one with an orchestra and a dance floor. I liked his not urging me when I refused a cocktail, and I liked the way he danced —smoothly, holding me firmly but not too closely. I liked the way he talked about his family and the farm, not boastfully, but as if he loved them very much and was very proud of them. His shyness vanished as he talked about home, and I got a clear picture of his father, and a beloved older brother who was now in the Army, an adored younger sister in high school, and his mother, who loved to cook and who loved company. I saw the house, too—a big white house at the end of a poplar drive, the green wide lawn in front, the farm yard in back—and the horses and the cattle and a collie dog named Bix. "You're going back there to live after the war?" I asked.

"*AM I!*" His glance was very blue, almost shocked. "I've got my place already picked out—because my brother will have our home some day. Dad's giving me the land, and I'm saving my pay to build. I've bought equipment, too, that Dad's making use of right now. Of course—" and the color deepened under his tan—"I suppose it doesn't sound like much of a life to a city girl, does it?"

I felt my own cheeks warm; then I checked myself sharply. He hadn't meant the question personally. "I think it sounds wonderful." Temperately, I added, "I haven't seen much of the country. Medina's the closest I've come to it."

"Medina's nice, from what I've seen when I've changed trains. I suppose you're impatient to get there."

I hesitated, realizing how thin and pallid everything in Medina sounded compared to what he was going home to. But I couldn't tell him that. As freely as he'd talked, he'd kept a courteous distance between us; I couldn't impose upon him by baring my own discontent. "I go there every year," I said. "Bill and Irene have lots of friends, and there are always parties—" And then I stopped. Dick was listening attentively, but I couldn't go on elaborating on something I didn't care about at all. "You didn't finish telling me," I said abruptly, "about the red colt—the one you said you wanted to keep for yourself, for afterwards."



Be My Love was suggested by a story by Roger Quayle Denny, For Weekends Only, heard on Stars Over Hollywood

The evening that had seemed so long in prospect back at the station went by on wings. We didn't even think of going to a movie, and we stopped talking only when the waiter was standing beside us with the check, and we looked up to see that we were the only customers left. We stared blankly at the waiter and at each other, and then we laughed. "I guess it was a good idea, coming downtown," Dick said. "I forgot all about time."

I nodded happily, feeling that he'd paid me a compliment, and one of the nicest I'd ever had.

We walked back to the station, along black and lonely streets, past buildings that were strange and dark and forbidding. And I thought again how good it was to have Dick with me, to have his hand on my arm at the crossings . . . and I approved of the fact that he released me each time we reached the far curb. I found out shortly, too, that polite as he was, as carefully as he'd deferred to me all evening, there was no arguing with him.

In the station the milling, confused crowd of the afternoon had subsided to a silent, tired, resigned crowd. We threaded our way past benches of sleeping people, and those who were half-asleep and who opened one eye resentfully as we passed, and some who were obviously, painfully wide awake. The only really comfortable person in the station was a small boy, spread-eagled in unconscious abandon across his mother's lap. I smiled at the sight of him, and looked up and caught Dick's eye. He was smiling, too—and for some reason, my heart did a queer little turn. He led me to an empty bench near an open window. "It's chilly here," he whispered, "but the air is a little better. Haven't you another coat besides the one you're wearing?"

I spoke without thinking. "In my bag. It's too much trouble to get it."

He held out his hand. "Give me your check."

I protested, vainly. Dick took the check, came back with my bag, returned it after I'd removed the coat. He folded my lighter coat into a corner of the bench so that I'd have a pillow, although I tried to make him take it for a cover. But there was no arguing about that, either. "You'll be cold," I insisted. "And where will you sleep?"

"There's more space down the line. Don't worry. Try to sleep."

The bench was hard, but I felt snug and secure and cared for as I'd never felt before in my life. I rubbed my cheek against the smooth stuff of the coat, thinking, *Dick, Dick Lord*—and then I checked myself smartly. I was being utterly silly. Why, I didn't know anything about him, didn't even know how old he was. . . . Twenty-five, I thought, a year or two older than I—and then I smiled to myself and went to sleep dreaming of a red colt, and a collie dog, and a driveway lined with poplars.

In the morning my eyes opened on a revealing little scene. Dick was sitting at the far end of the bench, smoking. A man came down the aisle, paused to stare curiously at me. Dick leaned forward and looked at him, and the man turned away with almost comical haste. I sat up hastily, realizing that Dick hadn't slept at all, that he'd been sitting up all night, seeing that I wasn't annoyed. He put out the cigarette and came over to me. "Did you sleep at all?"

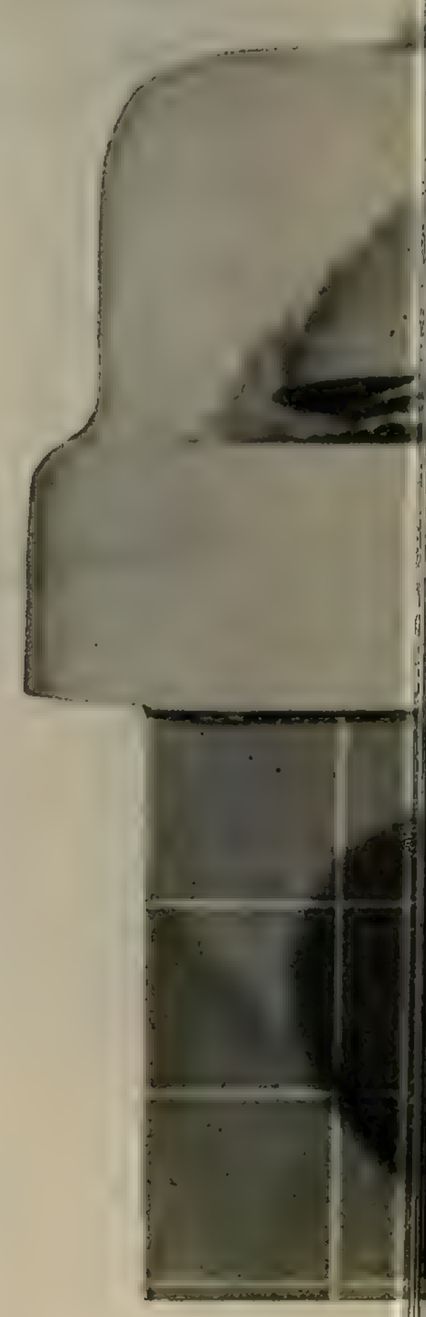
"All night," I said. "You didn't."

"I've been over to the information desk," he said evasively. "There won't be a train today, either."

"There won't!" It was pure, fortunate accident that I sounded dismayed. I was pleased, foolishly, wonderfully pleased that there would be no train. Then a thought brought me back to earth: another day's delay didn't necessarily mean another day with Dick. Perhaps he was even now regretting that he hadn't said goodnight at the station door last night; perhaps he felt burdened with me and was wondering how to get me off his hands. I was trying to think of a way to tell him that I didn't expect to claim his company indefinitely when he said, "We'll have breakfast, and then we'd better try to find a place to stay. I'll wait here for you."

I went to the washroom and freshened my face, made the best toilette I could. Then I went back and met Dick. We had breakfast at the station restaurant—and I had another qualm as Dick's hand closed over my check before I could reach for it. I knew then that I'd have to find some way of parting from him, politely. I couldn't let him go on spending his service pay, the money he wanted to use for his leave, on me.

We searched for hours that morning before we gave up and admitted that there still weren't any rooms to be had. Dick pointed to a bedroom display in a department store window, and sug-



gested that the management could make a tidy sum renting it to travelers. I laughed, but the thought of the department store gave me an idea. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I've some shopping to do. There are things I want to get for Bill and Irene—" And then I waited, while the day darkened around us and my heart swelled tight in my throat, for him to take the opening I'd offered him, for the handshake, the goodbys, the it's-been-pleasants.

"Fine," said Dick. "Shall I meet you some place, or is it all right if I go with you?"

I said casually, "Why, come with me, if you want to," but the day was suddenly dazzlingly bright again.

The picnic was Dick's suggestion. I'd bought Irene some guest towels, and we were in the sporting goods department, where I was trying to decide upon a golf glove for Bill, when I was aware that Dick was no longer beside me. I looked around, saw him coming down the aisle, grinning, a cylindrical package in his hand. "Look what I found," he said, tearing away a bit of the paper so that I saw the gleam of a metal cap. "A real, pre-war thermos. I'm going to take it to my dad. In the meantime, how about breaking it in, and going on a picnic? The clerk said that there's a nice little park over on the west side."

I don't know how the other stranded travelers fared, but I do know that for several hours that afternoon, Dick and I forgot about trains, forgot that we were stranded at all. We had a lunch put up at a delicatessen, had the prized thermos filled with coffee. We took a bus over to the west side, and found the park to be just as pretty as the clerk had said, but with the added attraction of a small artificial stream and a waterfall. Dick sank down on the ground with a grateful sigh. "Grass," he said. "Real, green grass. I was getting awfully tired of cement walks."

"And a waterfall," I put in. "The waterfall seems almost too good to be true."

Dick looked at it a shade scornfully. "I could show you a better one back home, where the creek goes through the woods. We could picnic right under the falls there, if you wanted to—they're that high. My brother and I used to go there all the time—"

We. We could picnic.... My heart was soaring again, and not if I could have put both hands upon it, could I have held it down. I couldn't hold down, either, the wonderful, impossible thought that flashed into my mind—the thought of what it would be like to go home with Dick, to have thirty days, less travel (*Continued on page* 81)



After dinner we did dishes, together. And that, too, was part of the dream-come-true.

The fearful



FROM where I stood beside the hop sacks, I could see the long, sweeping rows of wires stretching out before me; each with its graceful burden of hop vines trailing from above head-level to sweep the ground; the hops, like pale-green fruit—cone-shaped, scalloped, soft and paper-thin in texture—ready for the ruthless hands of the pickers. Behind me was the Gurney farmland and beyond that the familiar white house and the red barns and the odd-shaped building that was the dryer.

The old thrill of anticipation swept through me... hop-picking was as much a social event, a gathering of friends from all over our valley, as it was hard, serious work.

"Carla—" I hadn't heard the footsteps behind me and Joe Gurney's voice swung me around to face him and a tall young stranger. "I found a partner for you—Mike Flannery. He's new at this, so will you show him how it's done? I have to get back to the dryer."

I caught the undertone of regret in Joe's voice and understood. This would be the first year since we were skinned-kneed kids together that we would not be partners—just as we'd been friends in all the valley fun and work as long as I could remember. It had been a shock this morning, when I arrived, to

STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Heart

Withdrawn, remote, Mike Flannery's brooding face denied all of the fun, the challenge, of living. But Carla wouldn't let him shut himself away with his secret

I couldn't fall into the familiar pattern: Mike's strangeness disturbed me.

find that Mr. Gurney was ill and Joe was trying to manage the farm himself.

"Of course I will, Joe," giving him a quick smile as he climbed into the truck. "Don't worry about us."

I turned my attention to my new partner.

Mike Flannery had taken off his sports jacket and was folding it inside out—but not before I had glimpsed the discharge button in the lapel. So he had been a soldier! Perhaps that accounted for the hospital-like pallor of his face and for the stiff-backed way he walked.

PERHAPS that was also why I unconsciously took the side of the row that got no warmth from the early-morning sun. The vines were still wet from the dew and I shivered under my thick sweater.

"At that," I explained to him through the thick foliage, "this is the best time for picking. We get paid by weight and wet hops weigh more than the dried-out ones we get later in the day. And, besides, nearly everyone gets drowsy after lunch and—Oh, no! Not like that!—" He had reached for a vine and with one motion had stripped it into his sack, vine, leaves and all.

I ducked under the wire and climbed through to his side. "You can't help but get some leaves in with the hops but if you get too many you get docked. The weighers have to sort them out. Look—like this—" and I showed him how to strip in jerky motions that pulled off just the hops and left the big leaves still intact.

"After a while, when you get the knack of it, you can use both hands, stripping separate vines, but just at first it's best to hold the vine in one hand and strip with the other." His attitude puzzled me; the only thanks I got was a barely-polite nod of his crisply-curled dark head.

He hadn't even known enough to get proper gloves to protect his hands. The ones he wore were too thin. Luckily, I had a roll of thick, black adhesive tape in my pocket, and over his curt protests I insisted on binding this on Mike's fingers where they took the most wear.

"It really isn't necessary," he said, almost savagely, "If I'm such a fool as not to find these things out in advance, I might just as well suffer for it."

"Don't be silly," I chided him. "Everyone makes mistakes the first time." I tore the last strip off the roll and bent over his hand. Troubled, I had noticed how tense the muscles were—how white the slim, strong fingers. Now I felt, somehow, with a sense of shock, that Mike Flannery was exercising great self-control in letting me touch him. That he would have liked to be rude and tell me to stay on my own side of the row where I belonged.

I had never known anyone before who really disliked me. Here in this little Oregon valley the friends I had were friends from childhood. To me, Mike Flannery was suddenly not just a stranger—he was a force and a personality and an unaccountable fascination.

Thoughtfully I parted the vines and stepped through to my own side.

"If there is anything else you don't understand, just ask me."

"Thanks. I appreciate your fixing up my hands, but, if you don't mind, I can learn best if I find out things for myself—and I can't work and talk, too."

I gasped as if he had slapped me. Motionless I stood, while anger poured over me in a flood. He had practically told me to shut up! *Okay, Mr. Flannery,* I thought, grimly, *if it's silence you want——!*

Anger made my fingers fly and all morning I stayed a few yards ahead of him. Not very far—I couldn't do a sloppy job, neither could I leave the under-hanging middle bunches of hops to the careless eyes of an inexperienced picker. My arms got scratched through my sweater in my haste—but at least I kept far enough ahead to be free of his irritating presence.

IT was after noon, I think, when I realized that Mike was beginning to keep pace with me. He was erratic and unsure of himself but his hands moved with quick, nervous haste.

Now I could not avoid looking at him sometimes. And slowly, unwillingly, I realized that in spite of the unfriendliness of his face and the thinness of his collar bone showing through his half-opened shirt, Mike Flannery was an attractive man. Not handsome—his high cheekbones were too bold, the planes of his face too irregular, the thick, straight brows too strongly slashed—but about the whole was a sullen, magnetic vitality that tugged at my interest.

His mouth puzzled me. Even now, when it was tight and hardset, I could not mistake its sensitive shape. Somehow I was sure it was a mouth meant—and once used—for laughter and the love of living. The tenseness and the grimness apparent now seemed foreign to that mouth, and the short, unhappy lines etched in the corners were new there.

My anger ebbed away. In its place came a formless, bewildered pity. What had happened to Mike Flannery to change that mouth and harden the hazel-green of his eyes? I was glad when the little fob-watch I wore—and which Joe had given me—said five o'clock. It was unbearable for me to go on picking side by side with this stranger and not ask questions—when there was so much I wanted to know!

As soon as my sack was full I gave the call of "weigh up!" that had kept the weighers scurrying all day. They weighed mine and then, to save another trip, hoisted Mike's on the scale. We were finished for the day.

I walked slowly up the path, letting the tiny breeze cool my flushed cheeks and throat, unpinning my hair from the top of my head and letting it float down around my shoulders. I was hurrying, because our cabins had nothing but oil lamps and I wanted to help Mrs. Yule get supper while it was still light.

A hand touched my arm. "Miss Burke—Carla—" Through the thinness of my cotton blouse I could feel his fingers tighten, and it was an odd, disquieting, electric sensation. "—I'm sorry if I was rude today. I didn't think there would be anything to this picking business. I thought this was one job, at least, I could do. I resented having a girl point out my mistakes." His apology was given grudgingly and his face was still proud and hostile—but I felt the self-contempt and suffering beneath his churlishness. Involuntarily, I softened.

"That's all right, Mike. I wasn't offended. And you must remember I've been doing this for twelve years."

His hand still held me. "You fooled me. You look so fragile I didn't want you for a partner at first—I thought I'd have to do the work for both of us. But you really pull your own weight—and more. I'm not used to girls who don't whine for help." A left-handed compliment—but it made me feel unreasonably happy.

I thought about Mike during supper and the strange resentments he had revealed in his words. There was a clue there to his rudeness and to the suffering I had seen in his eyes.

After dinner Mrs. Yule took her knitting inside the cabin and Jeannette and I strolled down to the shallow beach of the river where the usual nightly campfire was already burning. I always came with the Yules; they were neighbors of ours at home; Jeannette and I were close friends and Dad liked to know I was under Mrs. Yule's care.

A circle had already gathered around the fire, but the first person I saw was Mike. He was sitting a little apart, his knees clasped loosely by his arms, his pipe smoldering almost forgotten in his hands. I felt his isolation even though I could have reached out and touched him, from the blanket I shared with Jeannette.

Someone started a song and the rest joined in. The evening was a pattern repeated every year—the same jokes, the same friendly teasing, the same ghost stories when the embers were dying and the night closing in. Only Joe was missing. With the new responsibilities on his shoulders I knew he would be working late every evening and I felt the (*Continued on page* 54)



Adapted from "Mrs. Worthington" by Elaine Fibush, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 EWT, CBS.

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Rosemary

A story of the different loves that can fill a woman's heart



This is chiefly Rosemary's story, of course, but you can't tell Rosemary's story without telling about her young sister Patti, and about Mother Dawson. So it becomes the story of a family, not quite typical, but bound together in love and humor and devotion that any family will understand.

Listen each afternoon to the story of Rosemary, broadcast over your local CBS station at 2:15, EWT.



ROSEMARY DAWSON is the reason for the Dawson family's being not quite typical, because instead of being merely a contributor to the family income, Rosemary has been its only breadwinner for several years. And because, too, Rosemary's own character is so magnetically warm and kindly that people are irresistibly drawn to her—people in trouble, or people in love. The trouble is that when they're in love, they're usually in love with Rosemary, who has, thus far, been too absorbed in her job and family responsibilities to care deeply about any of her suitors.
(Rosemary Dawson is played by Betty Winkler)



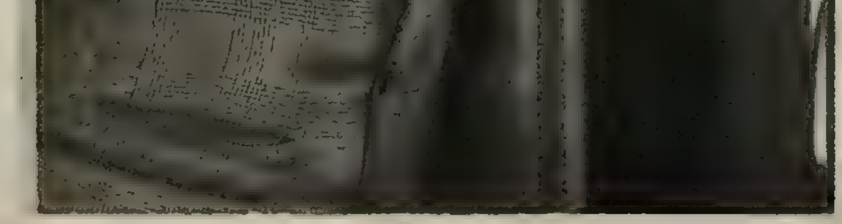
PETER HARVEY, a brilliant young lawyer, has come closer to arousing real affection in Rosemary than any of the other men who have loved her. Nevertheless, when Peter's big chance came—an offer of a job with an important New York law firm—he had to take it alone; Rosemary was firm in her conviction that she didn't love Peter enough to leave her family and go to New York with him. But Peter hasn't given up; he is fast approaching the goal of success in his profession, and he feels certain that some day he will achieve his other goal of making Rosemary his wife.

(Peter Harvey is played by Sidney Smith)



PATTI DAWSON wouldn't call herself a flirt, but her schoolmate TOMMY TAYLOR would. Patti, waiting for a great, mature love, is filling her days at Springdale High with crushes on movie stars and dates with Tommy, and the fact that she is breaking Tommy's ardent young heart doesn't seem to matter a bit!
(Jack Kelk and Jone Allison)

JOYCE MILLER, working at the Springdale Bank with Rosemary's employer, DICK PHILLIPS, has let herself fall in love with him. He plans to get a divorce from his wife, and Joyce wants to wait for him despite Rosemary's warnings that the situation may develop unhappily for everyone.
(James VanDyk and Helen Choate)



MR. DENNIS has managed to gain Susan Dawson's confidence with a story about her husband, even though the fact that he swore her to secrecy should have made her more suspicious.
(Played by Ed Latimer)

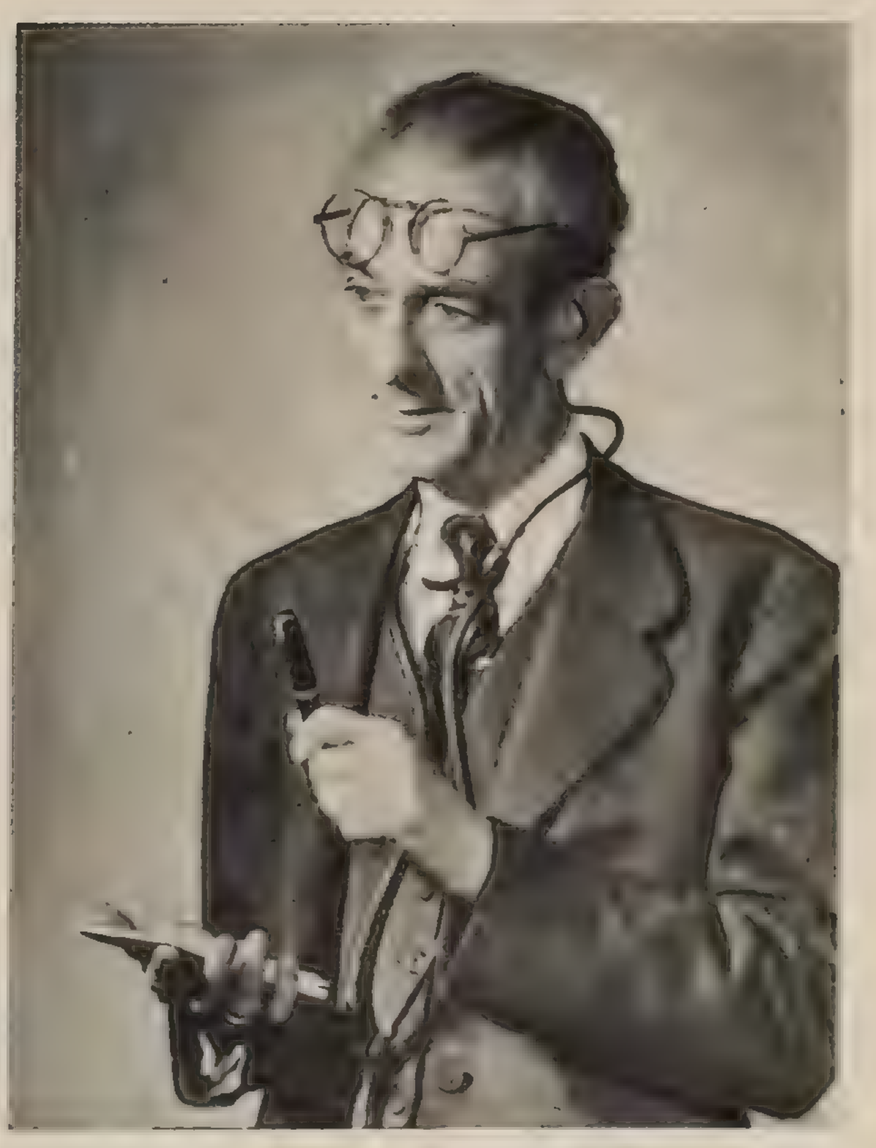


MOTHER DAWSON, for fifteen years, has believed her husband Lewis to be dead. But when Mr. Dennis told her Lewis was alive, and ill, in need of an operation, she couldn't resist listening; most unwisely, and secretly, she mortgaged the home Rosemary had worked so hard to buy, to give Dennis money.
(Played by Marion Barney).



LT. GEORGE SCHUYLER, home on leave, and MR. MARTIN, Latin teacher at Springdale High, have both been selected by Patti as candidates for the great love of her life. But the flowers and candy they are bearing through the Dawson gate are for Rosemary. Patti will find it hard to bear.
(Michael Fitzmaurice, John Gibson)





DR. JIM COTTER, Springdale's beloved doctor, has both the Dawson girls on his side in his attempts to marry Mother Dawson. But she has begun to hope that Lewis may be alive.
(Played by Bill Adams)

Before we part

Slowly Linna collected the bits of the life that Lance had shattered, and tried to shape them again into some semblance of contentment. But, together, she and Lance could have had so much more than contentment

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

Before We Part was adapted from a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's weekday program, 1:45 P.M., EWT, Mutual.



THE STORY:

I WASN'T too lonely when Lance Jordan went overseas. Neither was I worried, or afraid. Lance and I understood each other, and I understood our great and deep and abiding love so well that I knew that nothing could happen to that love, nothing come between us. And so the time while he was away was, for me, only a time of waiting—a little dull, perhaps, but no worse than that. I filled in the time with working, along with my mother and my aunts, on things to fill my hope chest, and I was busy with my job in a law office, as well as the Red Cross and USO work I did. When loneliness threatened, I comforted myself with remembering the wonderful times Lance and I had had together, with looking forward to his homecoming, which would mark the real beginning of our lives, because then we would be together for always. And I remembered, too, his last words—"Never for one moment forget me, Linna, and never for one moment will I forget you." There were letters from Lance, too, of course—every day, after he arrived safely in England, and later, not quite so frequently. Even that I didn't mind—Lance hinted at important things happening, and I knew—this was before the invasion of Normandy—that bigger things than I dreamed of were brewing over in England. That was my life, waiting for Lance to come home so that we could be married, until one morning when I awoke with a dreadful premonition of disaster. My father knocked on my bedroom door to tell me that this was D-Day, that we had landed in Normandy. At once I thought that this accounted for my feeling; Lance had probably been in the invading forces—he was a paratrooper. The sound of the mailbox closing brought relief—surely there would be a letter from Lance! And so there was. A letter that tore the very heart out of my life. A letter that said, in part; ". . . I am in love. Her name is Angela Temple. Angela and I are going to be married tomorrow. . . ."

THERE is a loneliness of pain like no other loneliness in the world.

You can be lonely without friends, or in the unfamiliarity of a place—but that is real, and you feel it like a weight upon the heart and a yearning for something different. Pain makes a place of its own. In it, you are bereft of any human contact or any touch of the world. It's like being at the bottom of an abyss, where there is nothing. Nothing at all.

I sat there, holding Lance's letter, and all I felt was the darkness and coldness of that abyss. I could no longer remember the words he'd written; already they had passed into and become part of the numbness that was myself. From a great distance, I heard the radio blaring forth news of the invasion and Dessy's and Dad's excited comments. I smelled the breakfast coffee. I saw the sun shining and the misty lavendar of the lilac blooms outside the window. Then mother called, "Linna? Linna, where are you, dear?"

I didn't answer. The voice wasn't directed at me; it was just another sound. None of it—none of the life going on around—had anything to do with me at all.

In that dim vagueness, I grew aware that she was beside me and had taken the letter from my nerveless fingers. I knew that only because I heard the crackle of the paper and her startled exclamation as she read it. Then Dessy and Dad were there, too, clustering around, all talking at once, all looking at me anxiously and protectively. But I didn't really feel their presence. All I felt was cold.

I found myself upstairs and in my own bed without knowing quite how I got there. They were covering me up, then I caught the pungent smell of ammonia, and after that I was tasting something hot and strong. I didn't care. I didn't want anything. I just lay there looking at nothingness because that's all there was.

Now I know that I was what doctors call "in shock." People who have had some searing experience, men who have been in battle have it sometimes. As if what had happened had separated them for a while from reality and they become insensate, without thought, feeling or response. I'd even

studied the care of such cases in my Red Cross course—keep warm and quiet with frequent feeding of energy-giving food. That was what mother and Dessy did for me as I lay there, inert, staring at the ceiling.

Presently, in the back of my mind, something began to nag at me. Something left undone that had to be done. Some terribly important, but terribly unknown, duty that had to be accomplished before I could give up completely. I *had* to do it. Some compulsion was forcing me. If I could only remember what it was! Over and over, I tried to remember so that I could rest.

At last, quite automatically, it came. I knew. I started to get out of bed. Mother tried to stop me, but I said, "Please. I have to do it." I went over to where the hope chest stood in the corner, all gaily painted, all filled full with the hemstitched sheets and pillow cases, the handmade lingerie, the linen, that had meant not only my future with Lance but also the continuity of the past through my mother and



The hope chest stood in its corner, gaily painted, filled to the brim.

grandmother—the rightness in what Lance and I would have had together as mother and her mother had found it with the men they loved. The bone tea service he had sent from England stood on hanging shelves above the chest. Carefully, I took it down, piece by piece, and put it in the chest. Then I closed the lid and turned the key in the lock. I did it all unhurriedly, calmly, like a sleep walker. In the same way, I crossed the room, opened the top dresser drawer, and put the key in my jewelry box. Then I got back in bed again.

MOTHER was leaning over me, murmuring, with tears in her eyes. "My baby, my poor, hurt baby!" But all I felt was relief that what had had to be done, was done. There was no emotion at all, no tears at turning a key on dreams to lock them away forever. Just a duty accomplished.

Physically, I got better fast. There was the resilience of youth and my own strong body to help. Sights, sounds, people became real again, but the cold aloneness in my heart persisted. It was as if there were nothing to warm me now that I could no longer find refuge in memories. In them, my remembrance of Lance, of all we had been and done and had together, had lain security. Living with them had been insurance for the future, unshakable faith in the future. Now they had become a torture to me. I had to stop remembering, and in doing that I felt cut loose and adrift.

In the family, it had been Dad who understood that best. "Don't look at the past, honey," he said. "That's over and done with. Look ahead. You're young, you've got lots of happiness waiting for you. Don't waste one second's thought on that fellow."

It hurt me to hear Lance called "that fellow" in that tone. After all, I had loved him deeply. What Dad said was good advice, lovingly given, but I couldn't just cut Lance out of my life like that with a contemptuous dismissal. "There must be some explanation for what he did," I protested. "Something we can't know about. . . ."

"Now don't start making excuses for him," Dad said, almost fiercely. "What he did is inexcusable, from any point of view, and looking for reasons is clinging to the past. You forget about him!"

How could I tell him that aside from the memories, my worst misery came from knowing that Lance was no longer *mine*. No matter where he was, on what hellish beachhead in Normandy or in some English embarkation port, whether well or wounded, happy or wretched, in danger or safe—he no longer belonged to me. He belonged to another girl. A girl named Angela Temple, who was his wife.

Mother hovered around me protectively. She refused even to mention the name of Lance Jordan, but I knew from the tightening of her lips and the look in her eyes that she agreed with Dad that there was no excuse for what he had done. In fact, she felt even more bitter than my father. She devised ways and means to do what she called "get my mind off it," encouraging me to go right back to my job, get out and see people, give parties. "Show the world you don't care!" she insisted. So I couldn't really talk to her either, to try and sort out what I felt deep in my heart.

It wasn't easy to go back to the job or to get out and see people. The office was full of the memories. I daily had to pass the stool by the tall shelves where I had tumbled into Lance's arms and into his life. I saw his desk where he used to sit, lean and quick-looking with those blue grey eyes that could be so intent when they looked at me. Mr. Gregory, the senior partner of the law firm, knew the whole story; mother had thought it best to tell him the truth when she'd called to say I was ill. And I had to see the knowledge—the pitying awareness of me as a girl who had been jilted by a faithless lover—in his eyes.

He called me into his office the first afternoon I was back at work. "This is hard for me and harder for you, Linna," he said in his fatherly way. "But I think maybe it will be less hard if we just come right out in the open about it. I just want to tell you that I was deeply shocked at what your mother told me, and deeply hurt for you. We always regarded Lance Jordan highly in this office—thought him a fine, steady young man with the makings of a good lawyer. We wanted, of course, to keep a place here for him when he came back from the war. But now—well, I consider his behavior despicable and I'm not so sure we want anyone so unstable . . . I don't want to distress you, my dear, but I had to tell you how I and my partners feel. Just remember that you're young, and that it's better to find out a man's weakness too early rather than too late."

There was nothing I could do but murmur thanks for his kindness. But I longed to say something in Lance's defense. Yet how could I? On the face of it, what was there for me to defend? I couldn't change Mr. Gregory's opinion. But something in me kept protesting that such a condemnation was unfair and somehow all wrong. My faith in the man I loved had been so great that there must be—must be—an explanation.

In spite of Mr. Gregory's kind intentions, I came home terribly depressed. I met Dessy in the hall. "Any mail?" I asked, almost automatically.

"Uh-huh." Then she gave me a sharp look. "Linna! You're not still expecting a letter from *him*, are you?"

Suddenly I knew I was. Yes—desperately and yet with faith, I was expecting a letter from him.

"There will be one some time, Dessy. And he'll explain. You'll see; it has to be that way."

"Oh, Linna, how can you?" she cried violently. "Haven't you any *pride?* I should think you'd hate him. I do. I hate him, hate him, *hate* him for what he's done to you!"

"You don't understand. I loved Lance very much—more than anybody in the world—and I know he loved me. You can't just stop loving, all of a sudden." I realized for the first time as I spoke that that was true and had always been true, since it first happened.



"Because of that, I know he didn't just go off and marry somebody else on a moment's notice. There's something back of it, something he will explain—"

"Well, I think he's just a heel." Dessy was on the verge of tears now. "And I hope you meet millions of attractive men and marry a millionaire and show him. And I hope that Angela is just *awful*, and he's miserable all his life. And—and—" Words failed her and she went in her room and slammed the door, hard. Later I heard her playing her newest Tommy Dorsey record, very loud, in order to relieve her feelings.



"There's nothing to say," I told him. "Nothing at all."

Touched as I was by Dessy's feelings, and understanding it as well as I did, her attitude made things harder for me to bear. It was as if everybody in trying to heal my wound only probed at it the deeper. And I kept finding myself, no matter how hard I tried not to, thinking of Angela Temple.

Nights when I couldn't sleep, idle moments at the office, pauses in some routine household task—I'd find myself repeating her name over and over and wondering about her. What was she like? She couldn't be *awful*, as Dessy so wildly and loyally hoped. Lance wouldn't have loved her if she had been. And he did love her. He'd said so . . . *not the dreamy, exalted thing we knew but real and earthy* . . . That's what he'd said in that letter that still echoed like a painful pulsebeat in my life.

I remembered our last night together, and how—out of my love and the sorrow of parting—I had offered to be his wife in fact if not in name. And the way he'd said he couldn't leave that kind of complication behind him. Was it that he had so sorely missed on the eve of going into the danger of death? Was it that that Angela had offered in a way different from me, in a way he so desperately needed he found no need to refuse? But I rebelled against that thought. Earthy and real though their love might be, it had to be more than that.

Was she blonde or brunette? Tall or short? Laughing or serious? How had they met? Had they fallen in love at first sight or had it been a long time growing? And then I'd think of them in each other's arms, of the ten days they'd had together before invasion, of the fulfillment I had never known—and sometimes it was as if I had to cry out in the pain of it.

SOMETIMES, too, I looked at my hope chest. But I never opened it. I had never even touched the key since the day I locked it. The instinctive urge to shut the door on the promise, on the very thought, of marrying Lance had been too compelling. And then one day I had to open it again.

I had been waiting, blindly but with unassailable certainty, for some word from him. The explanation that would surely come. One evening when I got home from work, Dessy said with careful casualness, "A package came for you. From England. I put it in your room."

I flew up the stairs. In the middle of my bed was a brown paper-wrapped parcel. Barely noticing that it was addressed in an unfamiliar hand, I tore it open. Then I stared down at the contents, while unshed and unsheddable tears seemed to overflow in my heart.

"What is it?" Dessy asked from the doorway.

"It's—my letters. Every letter I ever wrote Lance since he left."

"Just returned like that, without a word from him?"

I nodded, dumbly. I looked at the wrappings again. There was a return address in one corner. Mrs. Lance Jordan, and a London street number. "They were sent by—his wife," I said.

Dessy rushed over and threw her arms around me with angry pity. "What a horrible, hateful thing to do!" she cried. "Getting *her* to send them back because he's too much of a coward to do it himself."

"He might not have been able to. He might be in the invasion—"

"Oh, Linna, will you stop making excuses for him?" Dessy burst out furiously. "Can't you see now you've got to forget him, stop expecting any explanation from him? There's just not any explanation—that's why he hasn't made any. Instead, he gets the girl who cut you out to send back your letters. I'm glad! I'm glad it's happened. Now you'll have to see him for what he is."

I felt as if someone were slowly turning a knife in the wound. "Please don't talk about it any more," I said brokenly. Then I got up off the bed, took the key out of the jewelry box, and unlocked the chest. I put the package of letters on top, and shut it again. Now not only my dreams of the future were locked away, but part of the past, part of myself and the love I had known and the girl I had been, were locked in too.

"A bunch of us are going dancing out at Hillside tonight, and you're going with us," Dessy announced firmly. "Oh, yes you are! I've already got the date for you and everything—he's a friend of Marcia Hutt's and he's here on leave from the Navy and he's just darling. He's the right age, too—nearly twenty-four," she went on in a tone that implied he was practically tottering on the brink of the grave. "His name's Gene Somers, and you ought to wear your black dress. . . ."

She was giving me no time to protest. I didn't want to go. It was still hard to be with people and act naturally with them. After all, Clover Hill is a small town and everybody in it knew within forty-eight hours after it happened that Lance Jordan had jilted me to marry an English girl. I'd felt the whispers, seen the looks. Some were honestly sympathetic, some were only curious to see how I was taking it; but whatever the attitude, there had been talk and lots of it. This high-school crowd of Dessy's, though, were young and easily forgetful of anything not concerning them directly. Maybe with them, with a new and attractive date, I, too, could forget—just for one brief moment. Maybe music and laughter could ease this new and lacerating blow.

So I went. Friday nights were known as the "Younger Set's" night at the Inn. Ensign Gene Somers and I were about the oldest couple on the floor. He was every- (*Continued on page* 61)



Welcome

The GI Bill of Rights puts meaning into these words, but on if

By JAY JOSTYN

Mr. District Attorney

RECENTLY, I've been running across items in newspapers, items dealing with the shortcomings, presumably, of the plans we have for helping discharged servicemen make quick and successful returns to civilian living. And I've been wondering about these stories, not so much about their truth as about the causes that might lie behind them. I've been wondering whether some of the discharged veterans of this war haven't found themselves in difficulties, not because there weren't provisions made for them and plans and organizations set up and ready to help them, but, perhaps, because the veterans themselves were not fully aware of the rights and benefits coming to them. I've been wondering, too, whether the friends and families of these veterans —and all our servicemen, for that matter— have any clear idea of what is provided for by the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—which is the legal name for the GI Bill of Rights.

It seems to me that's very essential— that civilians should be familiar with all that is coming to a man who has served in the Armed Forces. The Government is doing everything possible to acquaint servicemen with their rights and benefits under the GI Bill of Rights. The Army and Navy both have printed comprehensive pamphlets which are given to all veterans as they are discharged. The pamphlets explain very simply and clearly the things veterans should do immediately on being discharged, and what agencies exist to help them with all sorts of problems, from the filling out of claims to the restoration of old jobs or getting new ones. Also, at the time of discharge, every veteran hears a lecture which explains fully all the machinery that has been set up to help him make his healthy readjustment.

But surely we can understand how a man, anxious to return to his home, impatient, his thoughts far ahead with his family and civilian life, might not pay full attention to the lecture he is hearing, or have the patience to explore all the channels that exist to help him become a well adjusted citizen as quickly as possible. I believe that it is our duty, ours, the civilians', to assume the responsibility for tracking down the right course that must be followed. We must know what is provided for our men by law, and where to send them when they need assistance.

Now, this is most important. Under the GI Bill of Rights, *no person may be separated from active service until his certificate of discharge or release and, at least, a substantial part of his final pay are ready for delivery. No disabled person may be separated without his consent until and unless he has executed a claim for compensation, pension or hospitalization to be filed with the Veterans Administration.* The law was framed in this way so that any delay in the receiving of benefits or hospitalization might be eliminated. If, because of ignorance, impatience, or incompetence on the part of the veteran, or anyone else, this phase of the law should be neglected, it is important that the veteran's family and friends direct and help him to make the necessary claims and adjustments as quickly as possible.

Under the GI Bill of Rights, the Veterans Administration is delegated the responsibility for a number of the Bill's provisions. In general, these benefits are restricted to those men and women who served in the Armed Forces at least 90 days between September 16, 1940 and the end of the war, or who were discharged for service-incurred disability and, who, in addition, were separated from active duty under honorable conditions. Certain special conditions apply to eligibility for educational benefits.

For purposes of simplicity, I'd like to break the following provisions down under separate headings—loans, education and retraining benefits, payments to unemployed veterans, employment, and benefits at death and to dependents.

LOANS: The Veterans Administration is authorized to guaranty up to 50% of the principal sum of loans made to veterans for specific purposes, with a limit of $2,000 on the amount guaranteed for any one veteran. The loan may be made by any bank, corporation or individual, provided its amount and purpose are practicable and suited to the veteran's circumstances in the judgment of the Administrator of Veterans Affairs. There are provisions for further loans under special conditions.

Home

...if civilians, too, understand it

The purposes for which loans will be guaranteed are:

1. The purchase or construction of a home for the veteran.

2. Repairs, alterations, taxes and payment of debts on the veteran's already owned home.

3. The purchase of a farm and/or farm equipment, on which the veteran will depend for his livelihood.

4. Repairs, alterations and improvements to farm buildings and equipment already owned by the veteran and used for his livelihood.

5. Purchase of a business or business property and/or business equipment and tools on which the veteran will depend for his livelihood.

EDUCATION AND RETRAINING BENEFITS: These benefits have somewhat different eligibility requirements than the Bill's other benefits. I'll list them, because they are important to keep in mind in making whatever plans you will make.

1. Service in the Armed Forces on or after September 15, 1940 and prior to the termination of this war.

2. Separation from the service "under conditions other than dishonorable", EITHER for service-incurred disability, OR after having served for at least 90 days, *exclusive of time assigned to a course of education or training under the Army Specialized Training Program or the Navy College Training Program, which was a continuation of the individual's civilian education or training and was completed, and exclusive of any time during which the person was a midshipman or cadet at a Service Academy.*

3. A person who has a service-connected disability, a pensionable disability and is eligible for the Vocational Rehabilitation program may elect educational benefits under this head instead.

Any veteran who meets the above requirements may take one year of education, refresher or retraining courses—or the equivalent of a year of continuous part-time study—at any approved public or private educational institution of his choice, from elementary schools through universities and professional schools, provided he can pass entrance examinations and measure up to other qualifications of the school. With the exception of those who have taken refresher or retraining courses, addi- (*Continued on page* 90)



JAY JOSTYN has become so identified with the radio character "Mr. District Attorney" that he has difficulty convincing his audience that he has no legal degree. It is acting that Jay is qualified to practice, not law, and he has been doing that very successfully in radio for the past ten years. Born in Milwaukee, he started acting in elementary school, continued during college, toured this country and Canada in stock, and finally settled down in radio; happy even though he is rarely cast as a hero. Mr. District Attorney is heard Wednesday, NBC.

Now I could listen to the song; I need never again be afraid of it.



Vigil

THERE is something eerie about a radio broadcast station in the early hours of the morning. So much emptiness and space, so many shadows. But I loved it. To me, it was a refuge.

Professionally speaking, I was a "pancake turner" on the "ghost" shift —which meant that I turned over records played in broadcasts from midnight to five A.M. Before I had taken the job, those hours were the longest and bitterest for me. I knew how much it meant to be able to tune in on a musical program that lulled you back into a kind of peace after hours of tossing in bed. I had done it so often!

"People don't stay long on this job," the personnel manager of the station had admitted. "It gets them after a while—those creepy hours and all."

"It won't get me," I said quickly.

He gave me a sharp glance. "A girl like you ought to be after a daytime job so that she can have her evenings free for a good time."

Something in my face must have betrayed me because he added hastily, "But I'm glad you feel you can stick it out. Good luck . . . By the way, how long did you say you had been in town?"

"Just a week," I acknowledged. And felt the hot color dye my cheeks. Had he guessed that I had come to this big midwestern city to lose myself? To forget—if I could? I was a complete stranger. All the world I'd known was back in Hannibal. The world in which I had been brought up by a kindly but dominating aunt and surrounded by her well-meaning friends. Looking back, I realized with something of a shock that I had never had any real life of my own—except for my music. That was the very core of my existence. But my aunt had closely supervised the rest of my life. I was twenty when she died. An immature, bewildered twenty. Not even Ann, my one real girl friend, could help me. "Amanda Hathaway," she stormed, "don't you realize you've got *everything?* If I had your looks I'd be a Cover Girl in New York, so help me! And you've got talent besides. Everybody says you probably will be a great concert pianist. What you need is to get around more, meet more people—especially boys!"

So I "went around more." To the Town Hall dances and the Grange parties. And at one of them I met Steve Wiler.

Steve "happened" to me. I don't remember ever being introduced to him. We were all doing a Paul Jones, and suddenly there he was in front of me, swinging me into his arms. "Now," he said, "I know *why* I came to Hannibal!"

Something about him spelled adventure and mystery. His bold, black eyes seemed to kindle fires in mine. "You go to a man's head. You must know that," he said softly. "With that midnight hair of yours, and those green eyes . . . it's like holding Circe in the flesh."

No one had ever talked to me like that before. No one had ever made me feel so excitingly *alive.*

Three days later I ran away with Steve and married him.

That was a little more than a year ago. A year of such emotional upheaval that it had left me feeling lost and empty . . . Oh, at first it had been heaven. Steve had a special magic for me and he knew it. His kisses were what I lived for. I welcomed with a kind of exaltation the wild, uncontrollable emotion that swept me at his touch. If our life together lacked a solid foundation I was not aware of it. Not at first. I took for granted everything he told me about himself, that he was an "itinerant reporter" and did pieces for several of the state's largest newspapers. It added even more glamour to him. "We'll circle the globe, baby, and keep our head in the clouds. That's the only fun in life!" he'd say, lifting me up against him. And I would close my eyes as his lips came down hard on mine, and even the stars were blotted out . . .

My aunt had left me a little money, so there was no immediate worry about finances. Hannibal is not an expensive place to live and I had been taught how to stretch every dollar. So our honeymoon was prolonged through the weeks without such practical words as "work" and "a job" shattering the dream. We often went for picnics in the woods just north of town. Sometimes Steve would read aloud—Maugham, Keats, other favorites of his—with my head resting on his shoulder, and our fingers entwined. In the outside world a war was going on but it seemed very far away, far removed from Hannibal. There was a prayer of thankfulness in my heart that Steve had done his bit as a war correspondent, that he was here safe in my arms.

Then one morning I woke up and the pillow beside me was empty. Steve was standing at the foot of my bed,

Loneliness frightened Amanda; but when she tried to hide from it in the darkness, with her music as a shield, she found that it was love, instead, that she was hiding from

fully dressed. There was an odd expression on his face. "Look, Amanda, this isn't working out and I guess you know it. I'm not the marrying type. I don't like being bound. Sorry, kid, but this is so long." He picked up his hat and went out the door. That was the last I saw of him.

It was like a hideous nightmare from which there is no awakening. I *was a failure as a wife.* The thought made me writhe. It took hold of me until I was haunted by it. Oh, it was all very well to say that the fault was Steve's—that the restless, mercurial quality which was part of his fascination, was also his undoing. And mine. But in my secret heart I kept asking, "What did I do wrong? How could I have held him?"

IT was Ann's suggestion that I leave Hannibal and try to take new roots in the city. "I'd go with you, Mandy darling, but I think you need to be on your own entirely. A brand new place, new faces, nothing to remind you . . ."

Nothing to remind me except my heart. That terrible hunger in it.

And so I had come to the city and taken this night job in the broadcasting station. An empty shell of a girl, drifting. Without faith in myself or faith in the future. Loneliness can be a dreadful thing. I had no opportunity to make friends even if I wanted to because of the peculiar hours I kept. And so letters from the listeners-in became vitally important.

A mother wanted me to play "The Moon of Manakoora" because it reminded her of her boy somewhere in Belgium . . . A night watchman down at the docks asked for cowboy songs . . . Some defense plant workers sent in a request for "That's An Irish Lullaby" to be played at 3:05 each morning when they had a rest period . . . But most of the people who listened in during those long night hours were people either too lonely or too ill to sleep. I felt a close sympathy for them. Especially for the two who wrote me regularly—"Aunt Emma," and a man who signed himself simply "D. Whitcomb."

Aunt Emma had been a shut-in for ten years. And she loved boogie-woogie, of all things! The hotter, the better. She wrote crisp, amusing little notes that completely ignored her own paralyzed condition. "When Henry James tootles, I can almost imagine myself dancing!" she wrote once. It's funny how much you can pour out of yourself in a letter to a stranger. I knew that Aunt Emma had a fierce little pride under all her fun, that she was gentle and wise and quite alone in the world. Except for the landlady who looked after her for an extra sum and probably used up all her pension money. "Do you think I'm wicked," she wrote in one of her letters, "because I'd like a silk nightie and that Lilith perfume? In three more weeks I'll have enough saved to buy the nightie!" . . . Without ever having met her, I loved Aunt Emma.

"D. Whitcomb" was harder to pigeon-hole. I tried to imagine what he was like. A man probably quite old because his writing had a scrawly, aged look. And he liked semi-classical pieces and all the old favorites like "Marquita," and "Moonlight and Roses." But he said very little about himself beyond the fact that he had a dog, an English pit bull, named Whitey. Every time I played "The Desert Song" the man swore that Whitey "sang" an accompaniment. "He must have some wild, Moroccan blood in him somewhere!" wrote D. Whitcomb.

I had some satisfaction in answering the letters—little tidbits about the broadcasting station and the new records. Once, I enclosed in Whitcomb's letter an Arabian star which I had picked up in some shop. "To attach to Whitey's collar and bring out the Red Shadow in him!" I said.

The next morning at five o'clock when I finished work, the janitor said, "Somebody's waiting for you out front, Miss Hathaway." *Steve,* my heart cried, *oh, Steve, let it be you!* I was using my maiden name again because somehow I didn't feel I had the right to use



Don was like a boy tonight, the candlelight glowing in his eyes, exultant over his birthday cake.

Steve's. I had failed him so . . .

But it was not my husband waiting. It was a man I had never seen before. A man who was slim and hard and tall. Even in the pale glow of the street lights you could see how taut he was. And tired. My eyes fell to the dog sitting, unblinking, at his feet. A white dog. I went forward then and held out my hand. "Hello, D. Whitcomb," I said.

His grin flashed almost shyly. He was surprisingly young. "We thought we would help you bring in the dawn, Whitey and I," he said. "Besides, he wanted to show off that star on his collar!"

Whitey got up slowly and circled around me as if to make sure I was all right. Then, with a little grunt, he sat down on my foot. I laughed. With something of a shock I realized it was the first time I had laughed in months. "You're elected," said Whitcomb. "That's his official approval . . . Do you have to go straight home or could we have breakfast somewhere?"

We had scrambled eggs and coffee at an all-night stand around the corner. Then he suggested something I had never thought of before. Going down to the docks to watch the sun rise over the river. We sat on the pier and swung our feet against the palings. A soft wind blew against our faces, fragrant and heady. Gold shot through the sky. Then scarlet that dyed the ugly city skyline deep rose and washed the river with enchantment. "I come here often," said D. Whitcomb after a moment. "It's the one place I feel at home since I've come back."

"Back from where?" I asked softly.

"The South Pacific." His eyes were fastened on the water. I looked at him, at the strong clear profile that was so strangely shadowed. As if the important part of his youth had been left behind him. He was trembling. "It's cold here," I said quickly. "Let's walk." But even before he spoke I knew it was not cold that troubled him.

"I've a medical discharge—without ever getting a scratch on me. Funny, eh?" There was no bitterness in his voice. Only a kind of despair. "Battle fatigue, they call it. I was blown out of a foxhole and I've had the shakes ever since. Can't control 'em, especially at night. That is why your music helps so." He turned and I knew it was not my pity he asked for. D. Whitcomb was the kind to hate pity.

"Music can do a lot for everybody." I tried to say it lightly. "I'd like to play only the lovely melodies—the sort you prefer—during the program, but we have requests for so many different kinds."

"I don't know much about any of it," he said, with that shy grin again. "But I'd like to learn."

"Then I'll teach you!"

His hand reached out for mine, clung to it. "Could we . . . please don't think I'm trying to rush things, but could we begin tonight?"

THERE was a hunger in his eyes. A hunger such as only one thing can bring—loneliness. I knew only too well all the signs of that. The dreary stretch of the days, the blackness of the nights. I was only too familiar with it!

As if afraid I would refuse he added hastily, "I don't know many people here anymore. Things can change a lot in three years. And I have no family . . ."

I had a sudden inspiration. Maybe it was because I was thinking of how many lonely people there were in the world. Aunt Emma, for instance. I told him about her as we stood there on the corner with the clear beauty of dawn flooding the sky. "Perhaps you'd like to go there with me to meet her?"

"Yes," he said. "I'd like that. She sounds—swell." His face lighted with enthusiasm. "Look, I'll dig up some of her Lilith perfume, and you get Aunt Emma the nightdress. We'll give her a surprise party! . . . Now I'll take you home so you can get some sleep."

I'll never forget that evening. Never, as long as I live. Aunt Emma lived in an old part of (*Continued on page 66*)



Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians on the Blue, Thursdays, 10:00 P.M. EWT.



THE TIME IS NOW

The Waring chorus, the whole orchestra, combine in a stirring arrangement of the song that Fred Waring has written to spark the coming 7th War Loan Drive

By FRED WARING

Moderato

CHORUS—Sing in "Hush-Tones"

Not fast—Deliberate, spiritual, march-tempo

THE TIME IS NOW, THE TIME IS NOW, It's time to heed the

a tempo

writ - in' on the wall ——— For the world won't wait, since

Fate set the date and the time ——— THE TIME IS NOW ———

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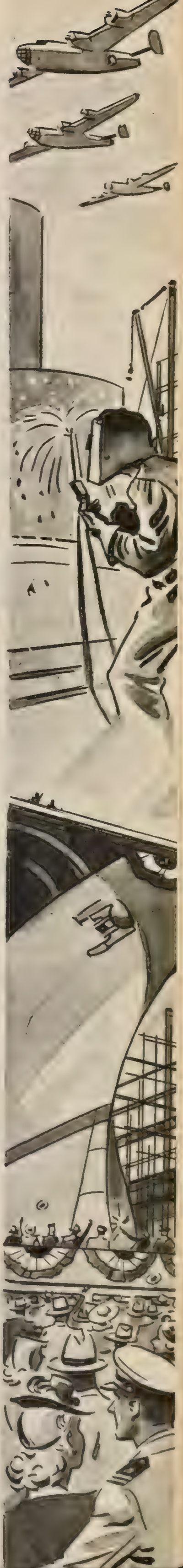
— Oh that Yan-kee Do - or - Die is on the go a - gain — And they'll

see a might - y show a - gain, The cur - tain's go - ing up! Can't you
(the damn - dest) (When we

hear that call, That call to give your all, And the
ring that bell, We'll send them all to hell!)

time — THE TIME IS NOW — THE

NOW — THE TIME IS NOW — THE TIME IS NOW. —



IF YOU had come to me, a year ago, and asked, *Who are you?* I would have had no trouble answering. I would have told you swiftly that "I'm Betty Kent, and I'm nineteen years old, and I'm just about to go to work at a new job as mail clerk at radio station WCTZ, and I've lived all my life here in Hathaway, and I'm engaged to marry David Johnson. And," I probably would have added, "there's nothing very interesting about me or my life. I'm just normal and ordinary."

But if you had come to me a few weeks later, and asked again, *Who are you?* I wouldn't have known what to answer. I would have had to say, "I thought I was Betty Kent, a normal, ordinary girl. But now I don't know. Now there seems to be another person, a new me, who has taken possession of my heart and mind—a new Betty Kent who does strange and frightening things, who has dreams and hopes and desires I never imagined I could have . . ."

I know now that all of us are two people, or have potentialities of being two. Sometimes the "normal, ordinary" person you think yourself to be remains in domination, and you go on being your normal, ordinary self to the end of your days. Sometimes the other "you" gains ascendency, and you become a person you never dreamed of being—perhaps a person you hate to acknowledge as yourself—and your whole world, the whole pattern of your life, goes terrifyingly awry.

That's what happened to me. I found that I was not the girl I thought I was, at all, but someone quite, quite different.

I found that I was willing to give up everything of importance—everything that before had been important in my life: the love and respect of my family and friends, my planned-for future with David—for the wild and frightening ecstasy I found in the arms of a stranger.

It began the first day that I went to work at my new job at WCTZ. I had been shown the tiny cubicle that was my "office", told how to sort the fan mail into the pigeon-hole box that covered one wall, been given instructions about tabulating the mail count as to program and place of origin, and left to myself with a big pile of mail to work on. And then Jerry came in.

He came quietly, so there was no sound of footsteps to warn of his com-



What kind of a girl was Betty Kent? Two men thought they knew, and Betty was sure she knew; but only one of the three understood the truth

False Magic



ing. He didn't speak, so I didn't know by the sound of his voice that there was someone behind me. But I knew he was there, as easily as I would have known if his arrival had been heralded by trumpets. His very presence was like a hand on my shoulder, bidding me to turn and look at him—to look into the eyes of a new kind of life, a new way of living, that was beginning for me this very moment.

"Aren't you new here?" he asked, as I turned slowly in my chair to face him. Ordinary enough words, so ordinary that I didn't hear them as words, but only as the sound of a voice—a voice—a voice that was somehow richly warm and deliciously cool at once, that had laughter and mockery somewhere behind it, a voice that would not keep its distance, but searched its way close inside me, and asked—demanded—more than casual friendship from the first moment.

"I—yes, I am," I managed. "My name is Betty Kent."

He grinned, and I saw the mockery and teasing I'd heard in his voice rise to his eyes. "Not to me. To me, your name is Bunny. Because you're little and gentle and sweet and—and soft—"

I felt color warming my cheeks. "I don't like—" I began, but his laughter cut me short.

"You don't like me? Nonsense—you don't know me well enough to like or dislike." He moved closer to me, and his hand rested lightly, as if it were an old, familiar gesture, on my shoulder. "Besides—are you sure you don't like me? Don't you want to change your mind?"

"I didn't say I didn't like you," I countered, much more defensively than necessary. Suddenly I sounded incredibly young and foolish in my own ears. "And you just said yourself that I didn't know you well enough to—"

His smile widened to laughter. "Whoa—wait a minute. I didn't mean to make a fate-of-nations issue of it, Bunny. Suppose you just give me my mail and let me get out of here?"

He had a way of putting you in the wrong. That was my first taste of it, but I learned quickly, in the days that followed.

I could find out very little about him from the girls in the office. His name was Jerry Linder; he was the announcer on the Pick-A-Tune show which went on for half an hour late every evening; (*Continued on page 73*)

"I'm so very happy

By Mrs. ALAN YOUNG

ALL sorts of funny things can happen to young people when they meet. They can, for instance, fall in love without knowing it.

That's what happened to Alan and me. We fell in love the very first moment we met—but it was a year before we realized it! You could very well point out that that's easy to say, now—now that we *know* we're in love, and that we're safely married—but honestly, it isn't second guessing. Every single thing we did during the twelve long months it took our hearts to get the idea across to our minds proved it.



Alan's one-year-old show (Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M.EWT) haszoomed into the top comedy spot on the Blue.

During that year, we saw each other only three times. On the fourth meeting, Alan proposed. At least, that's my story. He says he didn't really propose at all, and I suppose he'll tease me about it the rest of our lives.

"If I got a ring for you, would you wear it?" he asked me. And I answered, "Yes!"—very promptly. Alan still insists that he was talking about a friendship, not an engagement ring. But what could he do when, two days later, he had a letter from my mother, saying in part, "I'm so very happy at the thought of you two children starting out on married life . . ."

But that's getting ahead of the story. Alan and I met in Vancouver—our club drove up there from my home in Seattle for an entertainment and dance. I sat next to a very charming stranger during the entertainment, and she pointed out a young fellow on the stage and whispered, "That's my son!" Her voice very definitely added, *And he's wonderful!* "You must meet him," she told me.

I'm a pretty lucky girl that she didn't forget her promise. When the show was over, she introduced me to her daughter Harriette, and we went off in search of the son—Alan, of course.

The very fact that I danced every dance that first night with Alan is significant in itself. Because—as the boy I'd come with very realistically pointed out—Alan simply isn't the sort of fellow to make a girl swoon with joy simply because of his terpsichorean ability. In fact, my escort didn't like the whole idea, insisted on leaving the dance early and made different arrangements about driving home the next morning so that I wouldn't have a chance to see Alan again. He must have seen a light in my eye that I didn't even know was there!

On the way home I told him that Alan was absolutely nothing in my life. "Besides," I added, "it's not likely that I'll ever lay eyes on him again." I thought I told the truth—I doubted that Alan even remembered my last name, and I was sure he hadn't any idea where I lived.

But quiet people like Alan are often very persevering souls in their own way, as I soon found out. He learned my last name from a Vancouver boy, discovered my approximate address from a girl who had once been to my house, and trusted to the efficiency of the U. S. mails to do the rest. And so, in a couple of weeks, I had a letter. There's no reason in the world why I should have kept it, but I did—I still have it. And there was no reason in the world, I thought, for me to ask mother's permission to have him down for the weekend. But I did that, too.

Alan later admitted, under pressure, that he thought we were all slightly crazy. His family was quiet, with a true British reserve. My large family

Mary Ann wanted to hold Alan's hand; she waited for his letters; she didn't like that other girl in his arms. But it took her a year to add it up to love!



Mary Ann doesn't believe that "opposites attract"; she and Alan are in love because they're the same kind of people.

was noisy—we had American exuberance. The front door was always open, and each of us had lots of friends. Somehow twelve to sixteen usually managed to sit down for dinner at our house.

A lot of new things happened to Alan on that first weekend visit. We went on a hayride—something he'd never done before. We built a big fire on the beach. For the first time in his life he ate watermelon—and liked it. Also for the first time in his life a girl whom he scarcely knew held his hand. As a matter of fact I held his hand quite shamelessly all the time—on the hayride, on the beach, and when we went shopping for a present for his sister.

He must have liked it—for in three weeks he was back again. But this time I didn't know he was coming, and I had other dates. We finally had to find him another girl, and he went off feeling that I had definitely given him the brush-off—a new word to him, too.

All of a sudden, I began to think about Alan. I composed lovely letters which I never got around to committing to paper. I imagined meetings in which I came off with flying colors. I paid more attention to my hair and my clothes, so that every time I stepped out of the house I looked as nice as I possibly could—after all, you never know *whom* you're going to meet on the street—who might suddenly appear!

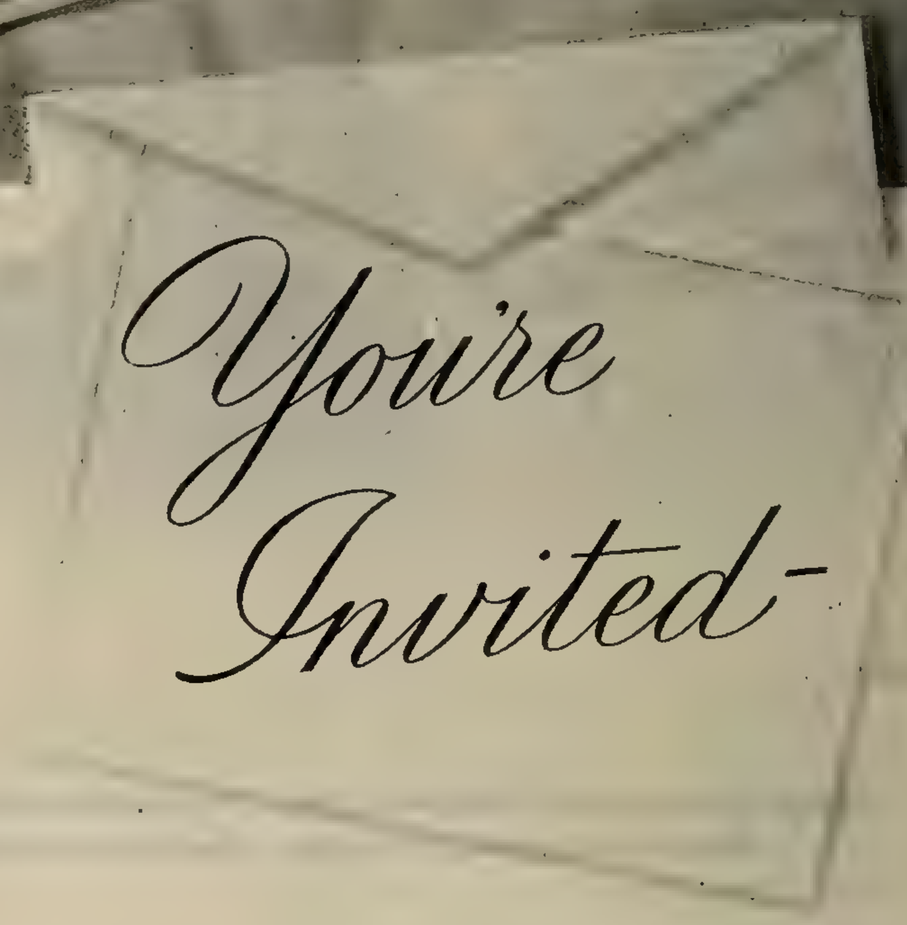
But actually, I still didn't know I was in love. I had lots of friends, and I was busy. I just used Alan as a frame for my spare-time dreams.

By the time our club next went to Vancouver, I had a frantic crush on the boy with whom I drove up. Just the same, I didn't like it when I learned that Alan and the girl he had dated down home were playing the romantic leads in the play which preceded the dance.

"Let's just sit in the coke bar and talk," I suggested to my crowd. "Who wants to see an old amateur play?" But I did sneak away after a while, long enough to see the girl in Alan's arms on the (*Continued on page* 87)

A beflowered buffet table will make a real party of your June wedding, for it's a little less formal, a little less work—and more fun for your guests.





FOR June, traditional month of marriages, I have worked out a wedding menu to be served buffet style. Simplicity and adaptability are its keynote. The appealing cherubs which grace the table will blend with any decorative scheme and the recipes are equally appropriate for a home wedding with only family as guests or when a church service is followed by refreshments at the bride's home. The informality of buffet service eases strain on those who are doing the cooking and serving, and it helps guests who may not know each other too well in getting acquainted. This menu suggestion will fit in well with almost any wedding plans, no matter at what hour of the day the ceremony may be: fruit cup consisting of grapefruit sections and strawberries; jellied chicken salad, thin herb sandwiches, sherbet, wedding cake, coffee, nuts and raisins.

Jellied Chicken Salad

(Serves 8, ½ cup per serving)

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water
½ cup diced cooked chicken
½ cup cooked peas
½ cup diced cucumber or chopped olives
½ cup diced celery
1 tbl. chopped pimiento
4 tsps. vinegar
1 tbl. oil
1¼ tsps. salt
Dash pepper

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Cool until slightly thickened. Combine chicken and vegetables with mixture of vinegar, oil, salt and pepper; let stand to marinate. Fold into slightly thickened gelatin. Turn into loaf pan, 8 x 4 x 3 inches. Chill until firm. Serve in slices on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise or salad dressing, if desired.



BY KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7 EWT.

Thin Herb Sandwiches

Chop very fine basil, parsley or chives and mix with creamed butter or margarine. Spread on thin slices of white, whole wheat or cracked wheat bread and cut into fancy shapes. Figure on ½ cup chopped herbs to ½ cup butter or margarine. Be sure bread is very thin, butter mixture soft enough to spread.

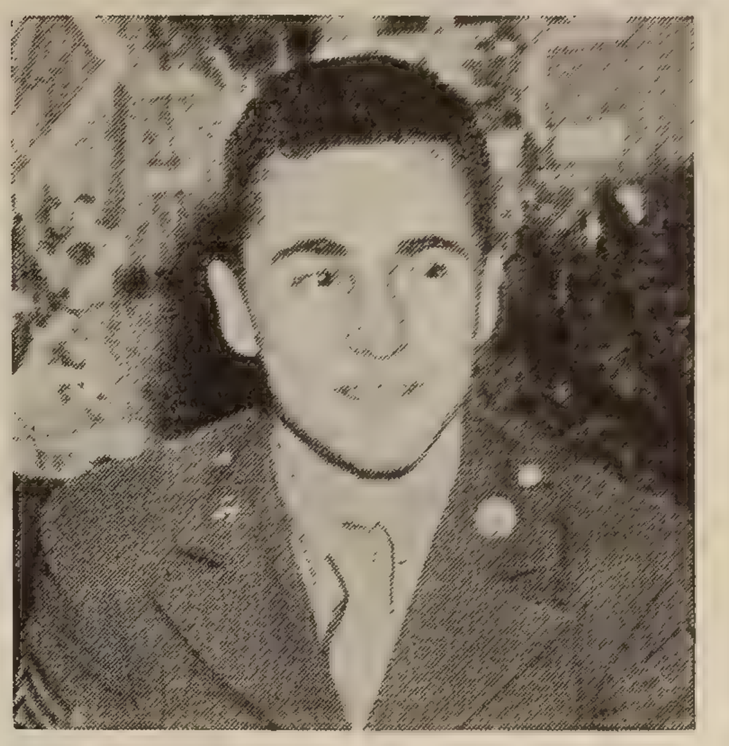
Wedding Cake

Preparation: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan, line bottom with waxed paper, and grease again. Light the oven and set for moderate (*Continued on page* 86)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	The Symphonettes
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Concert Orchestra, direction Josef Stopak
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	George Hicks From Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
11:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downes
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
		3:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	Blue:	Andrews Sister Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Music America Loves
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Fannie Brice
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Kate Smith
	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cleveland Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Eddie Bracken Story
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizons
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Cedric Foster
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We The People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This Is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



YOU GOTTA EAT . . .

Sgt. Arthur Laurents is the GI responsible for those terrific Assignment Home shows that you hear every Saturday afternoon at 4:30 (EWT) over CBS. If you haven't heard the show, make a point of it. It deals with what is being done to rehabilitate returning soldiers—and with what will have to be done with them in the future.

Sgt. Laurents is a stocky sort of character with stubby dark hair and a ready laugh. He's had a checkered time of it, but in retrospect he can laugh at it all.

The checkering began in his early years. He was born in New York, grew up all over the place, went to Cornell and started to settle down a little.

At Cornell, he and a group of enthusiasts formed a radio guild—probably the first radio guild on any campus. The group wrote, produced and acted its own scripts and had a swell time doing it.

Clutching his B.A. Laurents left Cornell and tackled New York's radio stations for a job. He beat his way around from door to door, but he also found he had to eat. One job that kept him from starving—and that just barely—was as a counter man in a Chock Full O'Nuts beanery. He still can't bear the sight of cream cheese.

Then he heard about a radio course to be given at N. Y. U. by one Bill Robson. Bill Robson was the idol of all young people with radio ambitions. He was the producer of the Columbia Workshop. Laurents quit his job at once and rushed back to enroll.

He attended classes for six weeks. Every day some new guest lecturer would turn up, but the famous Robson—never. Laurents decided this was a gyp. He called at the office to demand his money back, only to be told that the script he had turned in as one of the class assignments had been chosen by Mr. Robson for production on the Columbia Workshop. Laurents didn't get his money back—he forgot all about it.

After that, for awhile, Arthur Laurents was doing all right.

Came a spell of prosperity, with regular assignments for Mr. District Attorney, Thin Man, Cavalcade of America and Man Behind the Gun.

The Army got Laurents early—back in 1941—and his career in the armed forces has been as checkered as the rest of his life. After his basic training, he was made a truck driver at Fort Benning. Then, he was made a paratrooper. Then, the Signal Corps got him to write training films. Finally, he got where he belonged—on the staff of the Army Service Forces Presents show. One of his scripts, "The Knife" made such an impression that Sec'y Stimson ordered a repeat broadcast of it.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed & Polly East
1:30	8:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winter
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
		2:30	MBS:	Never Too Old
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	"I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	CBS:	Hoagy Carmichael
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone From Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please R
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players R
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cameron Andrews Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Polly and Ed East
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nations Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	113:0	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Woman's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
		3:45	Blue:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	CBS:	Swing Along Club
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	CBS:	Service Time
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	News
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Theater of Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Big Town
		8:30	MBS:	Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Fields Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
R		10:30	MBS:	Wings for Tomorrow
7:30			NBC:	Hildegarde
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		1:30	NBC:	Words at War



THE VOICE—OF THE ASF . . .

The Army Service Forces Radio Unit puts on some of the best shows on the air these days. And one of the people responsible for the superior quality of the acting, at least, on these shows is a corporal named Carl Rukauff. Corp. Rukauff does so much acting, announcing and narrating on the ASF shows you hear Monday through Friday at 5 P.M. (EWT) over CBS and on the Mutual show, Your Army Service Forces, on Wednesdays at 12:30 P.M. (EWT), that he's come to be known as the Voice of the Army Service Forces.

Corp. Rukauff is a very tall, broadshouldered man with the kind of good looks that make you wonder why the movies didn't snatch him up. He has a great deal of poise and an easy, casual manner.

He was born in Philadelphia and grew up there; kind of dreamed his way to a B.A. degree, got his first job on the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, a ponderous, heavyhanded newspaper, known as the "Sleeping Giant."

Then, one hot summer day, while Carl Rukauff was trying to stay bearably cool by drinking a little beer, a very inconsiderate but newsworthy gentleman managed to get himself bumped off. The *Bulletin's* rival, the *Evening Ledger*, carried the story, but the *Bulletin* did not. Mr. Rukauff was fired. He promptly got himself a job with the *Ledger*, where he remained until the depression forced that paper to cut down.

That left him with only the theatre. He worked at the Hedgerow Theatre for about two years. Then, as he says, the ham came out in him and he decided to tackle Broadway. He got jobs easily enough. The only trouble was they were always parts in flops. Every time a play would close, Rukauff would talk himself into an announcing job on some local radio station. That job would last until the next play came up. Finally, he hit a year's run in "Leave It To Me," playing the juvenile lead opposite Tamara, who, he says, "was a very swell lady." Success rather changed his attitude toward the scrambling-around kind of living he'd been making. He went after radio work seriously and with very little trouble got all the jobs he possibly could handle on all the top shows.

The U. S. Army beckoned in October 1942. The Classification Officer who interviewed him must have got just a little confused by all of Rukauff's background, training and experience. So, Carl Rukauff went to Ft. McClellan, Alabama, to take his basic training in the Infantry. After his basic, he was transferred to Ft. Benning, Georgia, where he was put to slightly better use as an instructor. Then, the Film Division of the Signal Corps heard of him and he was soon transferred to Astoria, Long Island, to work in training films. From there he was transferred to the Army Service Forces Radio Unit and proceeded to earn himself the title of "The Voice"—of the Army Service Forces.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
1:30	2:30	9:10	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road to Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Wood
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	1:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
3:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mystery
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:34	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Human Adventure
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	"Carton of Cheer"—Henry Youngman—Carol Bruce
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Keep Up With the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Canter
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Which Is Which
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	College of Musical Knowledge
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Hire's Program
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britts
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
		3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poiret
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Joan Davis, Jack Haley
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
7:00		10:00	NBC:	Abbot and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15		
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's The Thing
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News



VERY YOUNG OLD TIMER . . .

Eileen Barton, young and lovely songstress on the Let Yourself Go show—WABC-CBS Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT—has done more singing in her eighteen years than many professionals do in a lifetime.

Eileen was one of those theatrical children who was almost literally raised in a trunk. Her father and mother were vaudevillians—the team of Ben and Elsie Barton—and always on the go, from one theatre to another, one hotel to another.

Little Eileen made her professional debut at the age of three on the stage of the Kansas City Theatre, singing "Ain't Misbehavin'" and made a big hit. Such a big hit, in fact, that soon she was appearing in New York with Ted Healy and his Gang on the stage of the old Palace Theatre. By the time Eileen was six, she was a seasoned performer, singing no less than 18 songs a week on her own daily commercial program over a New York station.

The fact that she could handle a microphone as easily as most children her age manage a tricycle, led to several major network guest appearances. Before she was nine years old, she had appeared on the Rudy Vallee program and with Eddie Cantor and others.

She has a deep, throaty voice that makes you think she's lots older than she really is. She's been singing in the same range since she was a little girl. And she's never had a singing lesson in her life.

That Eileen didn't disappear from the air lanes permanently at the age of fourteen or fifteen as so many child stars have done was due to the wise management of her parents. She retired only long enough to get through with her "growing pains." In that time she attended the Professional Children's School, the Marken School and Julia Richman High School in New York.

She returned to the entertainment world as the understudy to Nancy Walker, the leading lady in the Broadway musical, "Best Foot Forward." When Nancy got the measles, Eileen played the lead for a week. She later scored triumphs at La Conga and the Greenwich Village Inn and at Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom's in Hollywood.

Last year Frank Sinatra chose her to be the featured singer on the Frank Sinatra Show. He picked her after listening to a recording, without knowing who she was and out of dozens of girls who were auditioned personally and by record. Eileen remained on that program for seven months and then left it to take over the vocal spot on "Let Yourself Go."

Luckily for Eileen, working with someone like Milton Berle who would just as soon make up his shows as he goes along, she's got a fine sense of timing and can handle dialogue with assurance. In her spare time, Eileen likes to go bowling—where her timing also comes in handy.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch, Wash., D.C.
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway—Frank Parker
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	"Stars of the Future"
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cecil Brown
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos and Andy
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS	Durante and Moore
		10:00	MBS:	Fights
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Armstrong and Company
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Land of the Lost
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:30	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Kay Armen, Songs
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Music as You Like It
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane From London
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Grantland Rice
11:30		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
1:00		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:00	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
3:15		6:00	NBC.	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
	7:00	7:30	CBS:	Mrs. Miniver
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	NBC:	The Saint
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Danny Kaye
		8:00	NBC:	Gaslight Gayeties with Beatrice Kay
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Detroit Symphony Orchestra
8:00		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequence
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
		9:30	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	Blue:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	Blue:	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova Show
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
R 7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
R 11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
		11:00		Shady Valley Jamboree
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

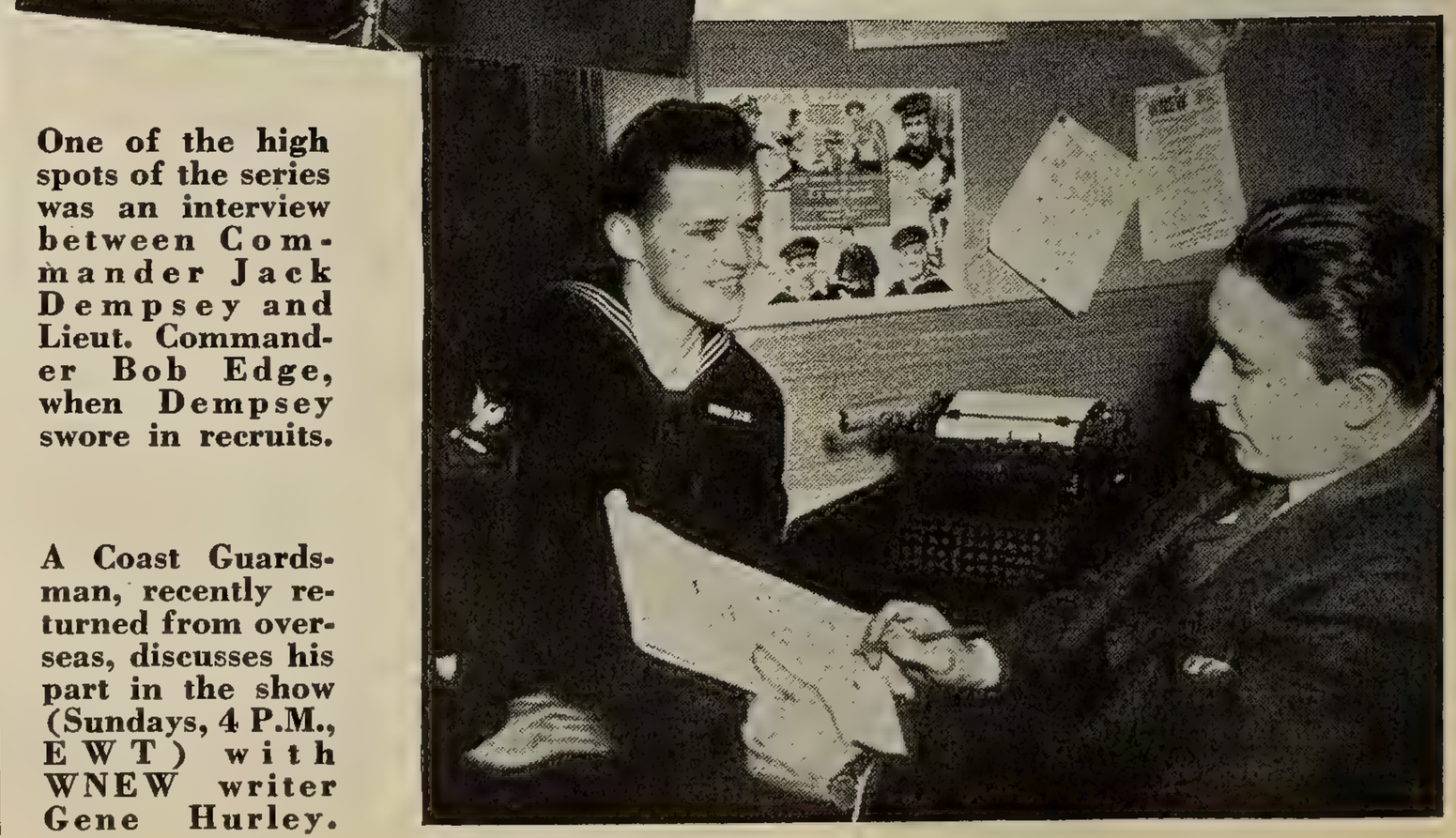
"MEET THE COAST GUARD"



Over a year ago, Ted Cott, of New York's station WNEW, called the Coast Guard and said, "How about a radio show?" And Meet the Coast Guard, complete with 25-piece band, started rehearsal.



Ted Cott and Lieut. Commander Walton Butterfield, District Public Relations Officer of the Coast Guard (above), got together to decide on a format for the show, and writers began work.



One of the high spots of the series was an interview between Commander Jack Dempsey and Lieut. Commander Bob Edge, when Dempsey swore in recruits.

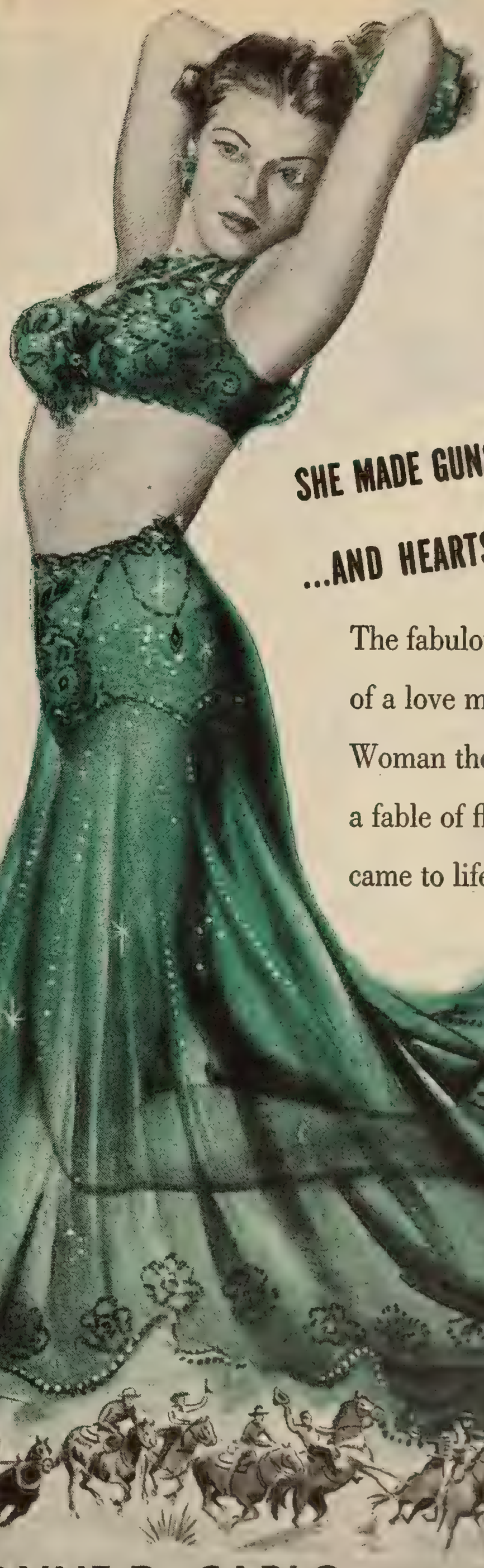
A Coast Guardsman, recently returned from overseas, discusses his part in the show (Sundays, 4 P.M., EWT) with WNEW writer Gene Hurley.

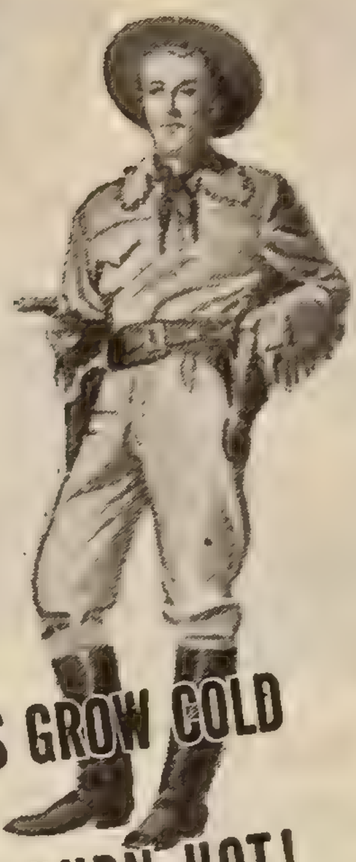
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The Fearful Heart

Continued from page 26

lack of his friendly, familiar presence.

The pattern was broken again, just before we left for our cabins. Someone had started humming "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers" and a few others were humming half-heartedly, when a new voice broke in carrying the melody. Everyone stopped to listen. It was Mike and he was singing almost as if he were compelled to. I don't know whether it was the magic of the night, the simple friendliness around the fire, the relaxation that comes after a full day's work that broke through his reserve—whatever it was, the quality of his voice was unconsciously, infectiously arresting.

By accident I found myself at his side going back to camp. For a while we moved in silence.

"You have a good voice, Mike," I said, finally. "We used to have a fine quartet here but the war broke it up. Three of the boys are in the Army."

He stopped to light his pipe, cradling it against the night breeze. "I hadn't thought about that—that the war would touch you here. This valley seems so remote and peaceful I almost believed I could forget the war. You people seemed so normal." There was no disguising the irony in his voice.

I FLARED up. "We do our share. Our farm—it's twenty miles from here—is small and it's mostly in walnuts, but Dad and I and my two little brothers have a hard time working it."

"And still you find time to help a neighbor get in his hops. How very kind of you, Miss Burke."

"Look—" I faced him squarely—"I know you've had horrible experiences as a soldier, but don't let them make you so cynical, Mike. There are decent people and there are such things as kindness and people helping each other. You mustn't lose faith—"

He broke in savagely. "Save your little moral lessons, please! You think it's the war that's made me bitter. Partly, perhaps. I can't seem to feel at home in America any more. I can't make this adjustment the doctors tell about. I have no confidence in myself or faith in anyone else. Would you like to know why?"

I nodded my head, numbly.

"Okay, I'll tell you. My last furlough in the States I met a girl and married her. I'd only known her a few days—but all the time I was in those stinking New Guinea swamps I thought about her and she was the one thing that made me sure I would come back, that I'd be a decent person again, that I'd forget about killing, that I could go to parties again and hear noise and laughter again without thinking too much about pals of mine who had died. Sure, she could make me do it. She'd help me. She'd see me through." He took a deep breath, but words pushed against each other in their haste to be said, as though he had kept this inside himself too long. "I was wounded. I came home. First thing I did when I found I was going to be able to keep my leg, when they let me out of the hospital, I went to find her. I found her all right." Now the bitterness in his voice was unadulterated hatred. "Do you know where I found her? *In a jail cell.* Me, and the other four guys she had married for our allotment checks. Her marriage to me was the only legal one—I was Number One on her list. But at least I had no trouble getting it annulled—I couldn't get away fast enough, was all."

He stopped abruptly and I tried to speak. I couldn't, but the silence that fell was almost as horrible, as unbearable, as the sound of his voice had been. I was still standing there—dazed and shocked—when he brushed by me with a smothered oath at his own weakness in disclosing the story. He disappeared into the darkness.

After a while I walked on, too, but my knees were weak and trembling. What he had told me seemed almost incredible. I had read about women like that, but it was something that happened to faces and names in a newspaper. Not to real people *here,* in this valley—to someone I knew. Now I understood those marks of suffering on his face and why he shrank from people and from working so closely with me.

It was not so much what he said, but the pressed-down, taut agony in his voice I kept hearing. It made me ashamed for my easy anger that day. It made me feel cheap to remember the stuffy, patronizing tolerance of my own words when I had reproved him for being so cynical. *Cynical!*—that had been my judgment for the raw wound he carried. And for a man like Mike who was sensitive and emotional and quickly responsive to the emotions of others, I knew the treachery he had met had scarred him very deeply.

I had a moment of wondering why I knew so much about Mike. But I did know him—the real, down-underneath Mike—better, even, than I knew Joe.

IT WAS a long time before I could fall asleep that night. My mind went ceaselessly over the shock of Mike's story and the pity in my heart grew to a fierce protective thing. If there were only something I could do! I remembered his grudging praise of me that afternoon—"I'm not used to girls like you who pull your own weight. . . ." Maybe that was the answer. Maybe I could show him that all girls weren't like the one he had married. Perhaps I could give him back his faith in people—and in himself.

Telling me his story must have released some powerful spring in Mike because I noticed a change in his manner the next day. He was still on guard, still not at ease; but there was none of the rudeness of the day before. He worked fast, without saying much.

We started a new row and Mike's shout of "Wire down!" brought Joe running to us with the long pole he used for lowering the vines and wire to where he could reach them.

"You're looking very pretty today, Carla," Joe teased me, rumpling my hair as he passed. "But you'd better put that straw hat on if you don't want sunstroke. Fresh lipstick, too!—at eleven o'clock in the morning!" His grin lighted up his square, blunt features, but there was a new interest in his eyes that startled me. True, Joe and I had "gone together" since we were kids and he was as much a part of my life as my own family. People took it for granted we would marry some day but there had been nothing spoken between Joe and me. Our friendship had been casual and easy.

Impulsively I asked Mike to join

Mrs. Yule and Jeannette and me for a picnic lunch that noon. I think he was as surprised as I was when he accepted. While he was washing up I told Mrs. Yule a little of his story, just that he had been a soldier and was having a hard time adjusting to civilian life. I knew she would take it from there and that gossip about Mike would filter through the camp. It would be kindly gossip and do him no harm. . . . It would put others on their guard to make allowances for his brittle manner.

No one was proof against Mrs. Yule's natural bursting motherliness and she fussed over Mike and petted him as if he were one of her own children. To my great delight, he didn't resent it. And after lunch, while we rested for a few moments, he lay back on the rug, letting the sun slanting through the overhead leaves warm his closed eyelids.

He looked so young then. *This is what he needs,* I thought, *warm sun and blue sky and hard work and good friends.*

EVERY day after that I seemed to notice a little improvement. The lines in his face smoothed out; the sun bronzed his skin to glowing health; sometimes he even smiled. While we worked together, with the vines sometimes so thick we couldn't see each other's faces, we talked in a growing warm intimacy that made us forget the other human figures dotting the field.

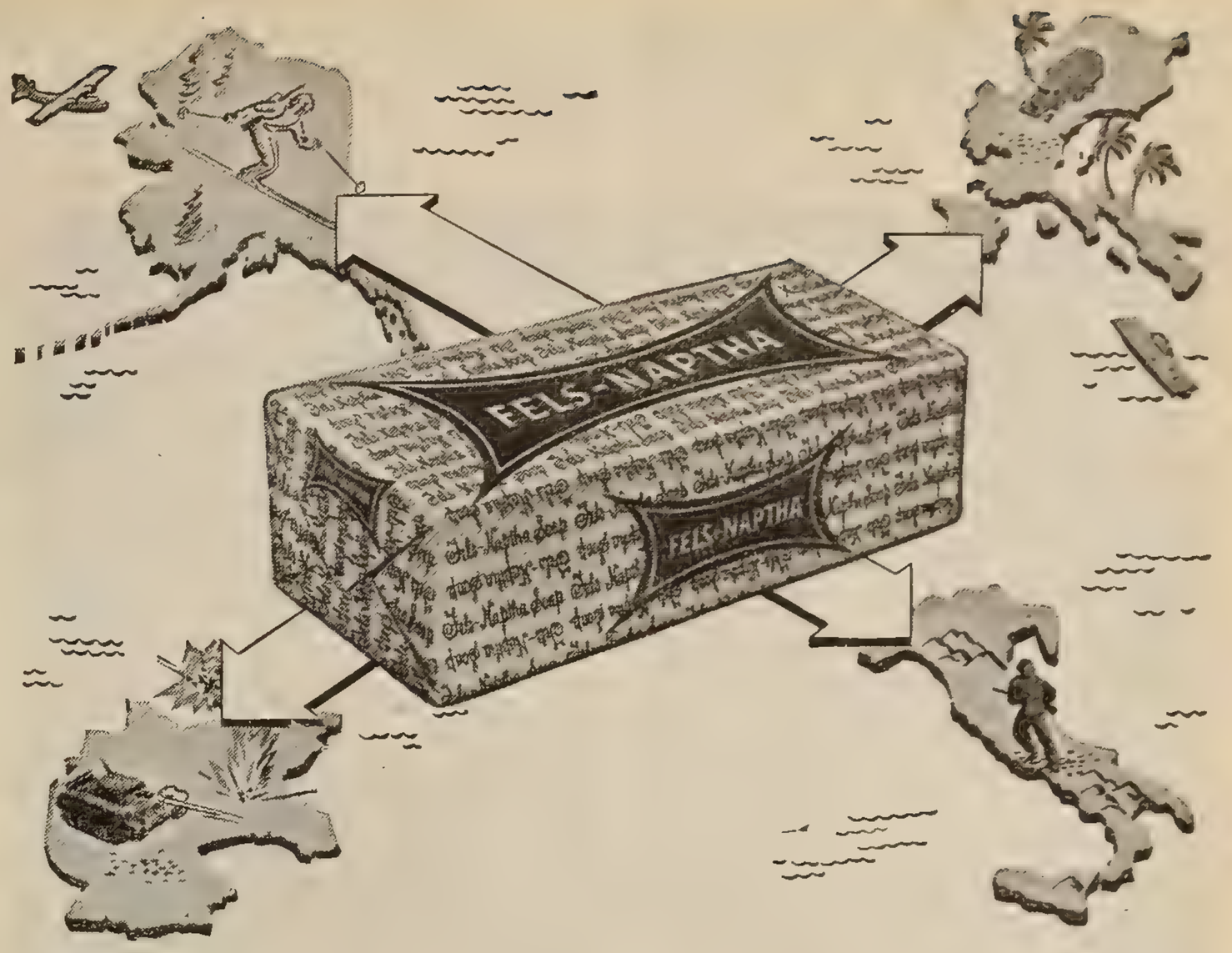
"I'd had it too easy, Carla," he told me one day. "I could always lick any other guy in the block; I always had everything my own way. Football was a snap; I made good grades in school; and later I had my pick of good jobs. I was master of my own destiny—I thought. It would have been a lot better for me if I'd had a few hard knocks earlier and then, maybe, it wouldn't have been so tough to find out how helpless a man can be in a war. I don't mean for myself—until I got it in the leg I always seemed to have a charmed life. But I saw other guys—better men than I was—die right beside me and I could do nothing about it. I couldn't stop that destruction. They made me a sergeant and that was worse. I had to lead my friends into enemy fire and see them fall right in front of me."

He didn't want to talk about the woman who had tricked him into a marriage that was no marriage. And I was glad. My hatred for her was now a personal thing.

I would catch a glimpse of him through the vines and wonder, with a heart-constricting bewilderment, how any woman could look at him with eyes that were mercenary. Touch him with hands that were cold, or kiss him with lips that could remain calculating . . . how could she? When marriage to a man like Mike might have meant all the tenderness, the fire and understanding a woman would want?

He was still not at ease with the others at the camp and they, in turn, knowing a little of his story, were self-conscious with him. Oh, he joined them sometimes in the evening pitching horseshoes or around the campfire, but it was only during the day when the two of us worked in our isolated closeness, that his guard relaxed. It was only then that I saw those dancing lights in his eyes—and heard him laugh—or felt the warm protectiveness of his masculinity.

Once I ventured to ask him what he planned to do when the picking was



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over. The brooding came back into his face. "I don't know, Carla. Who would want a guy who can't control his nerves or his temper any better than I can?"

I knew what he meant. He didn't seem to be able to stand the slightest criticism. His nerves were on trigger-edge then. He saw injustices where there were none and grievances where they were unintentional. One of the weighers found a clod of earth in Mike's sack and told him about it, lightly. But Mike took it as an insult.

"Are you accusing me of cheating?" His nostrils had flared in anger and his muscles were tense. "You're a liar—if there's any dirt in that sack you put it there yourself!"

If it hadn't been for the call of "Weigh Up!" coming urgently down the line I know the weigher would have welcomed the fight with all the force of his own outraged honesty. For a moment the danger was averted as the man tramped away. But the weighers were busy men and had no patience with trouble-makers. I was sure he would tell Joe and Mike would be fired. So in a few minutes I made an excuse for leaving, and sought out Joe where he was loading the truck.

His face hardened when I told him what had happened.

"It isn't the first time it's happened, Carla. And I can't have the camp upset by one person who can't control his temper. Good weighers are hard to find these days and the four I have are overworked as it is. I won't put up with fights. You know that."

BUT, Joe, he's not a troublemaker by nature. He just got out of the Army and he's on the defensive still. Sometimes it's hard for a soldier to turn peaceful and law-abiding all at once, when for so long all his instincts and training have been in the opposite direction. And he had a horrible experience right after he was discharged." I couldn't tell any more than that. "We have to help him, Joe, and firing him now would be the worst possible thing."

Joe watched me gravely, and his words were slow in coming. "Are you sure it's for *his* sake you want him to stay, Carla—and not for yours?"

I brushed that aside. "For yours, too, Joe. You need pickers."

"All right. I'll let it go this time—but you'd better warn him."

We swam that evening in the cool shallow river, the fire on the beach lighting our bobbing heads and flickering over the raft moored by a sunken log in the middle. It was deep enough to dive here—if you were careful—and I had just come up, sputtering, from a plunge when a strong hand caught me by the shoulder and pulled me up to the raft. It was Mike, and while I clung to the wet boards, lazily keeping myself afloat, he climbed aboard the raft, stretching out on it, his head close to mine, his laughing eyes looking directly into mine. For a moment we were alone there. The shouts and cries of the others seemed to come from a long distance and the glow from the fire was almost blotted out by the silhouetted figures who hugged its warmth.

"Carla, you look like a mermaid with your hair floating like that on the water. I can't call you a Lorelei, though. You'd never lure a man to his destruction—only to his happiness."

His eyes were no longer laughing. I caught my breath, my body motionless. I couldn't turn my eyes from his.

"Carla—" his voice sent a thin white fire racing through my cold body—"darling—" Slowly, as if the moment were as wonderfully unreal to him as it was to me, he leaned down and his lips traced a thrill from my cheek to my mouth. His arm held my shoulders and the river carried my body and the only feeling was the incredulous, unbelievable fulfillment of his mouth on mine.

And the unreality became real, while the fire spread in my veins and the glory mounted in my heart. This was real, the end of all wonder and seeking.

"I love you, Carla. I never thought—Carla, this is for keeps."

"For always, darling," I whispered back.

Somebody splashed near us and Mike let go my shoulder. Others were swimming toward us. We were alone no longer, and after awhile, still under the spell of that moment, we swam back to the fire.

It was good to be back again with familiar faces and hear words that were ordinary and commonplace—while all the time I hugged this new, this wonderful secret in silence. So new it was that I wanted to delay a while, to stay with others for a few minutes, to keep the treasure growing bright and true in my heart—although I read the urgency in Mike's eyes and knew he wanted us to slip away, alone.

Jeannette handed me my white terry-towelling robe. "Don't catch cold, Carla. I promised Joe I'd look after you when he's not here in the evenings." I felt Mike stiffen beside me at her words. I tried to stop her but she went on. "We were wondering, just before you came up, when you and Joe were going to get married. I saw you talking to him this afternoon—and Mother said your Dad was planning it for this fall. Come on, Carla, tell us—when's the wedding?"

EVEN in the general uproar that followed her thoughtless words, I could feel Mike's frozen stillness. Frantically I tried to think of something to say that would make him understand and yet would not hurt and embarrass Joe. I couldn't say I was marrying someone else—Mike hadn't asked me yet.

"Stop it, Jeannette. Joe and I aren't planning on getting married—" but I could not finish. Their laughter interrupted me; laughter that was mocking and unbelieving. Without a word Mike turned on his heel and strode away.

"Mike—wait a minute—" I called, running after him, heedless of who saw me or what they might think. It was dark along the path and I stumbled, almost crying now, seeing only the white towel he carried over his shoulder disappearing through the trees. "Mike—wait—"

He stopped so abruptly I nearly ran into him. "Don't waste your excuses." Could this cold, contemptuous voice be the same one that had held such caresses a little while before? "I thought you were different, but you're just the same. You let me fall in love with you, make love to you, when all the time you were planning to marry Joe Gurney."

"I didn't make you fall in love with me, Mike. I couldn't help that any more than I could help falling in love with you."

He turned on me fiercely. "You love me so much you're going to marry someone else! You didn't have the

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courage to tell me before. You knew the picking would be over tomorrow and you thought you could say good-by tomorrow and I'd never find out until it was too late! I know your kind. You want romance and kisses, but when it comes to marriage it's security you're thinking about. Joe has a nice prosperous farm and I don't even have a job to go back to. With a little faith I could come through all right, but you couldn't wait for that. You aren't willing to take a chance. You want a flirtation that costs you nothing, a few memories to keep and dream about after you're married to Joe and his big farm."

It was so unjust, so unreasonable, I couldn't find the words to answer. And I knew, too, with a sickening realization, that nothing I could say just then would make any difference. He was blind with fury. He was back once more in the despair and suspicion into which that other woman had plunged him.

"Mike, I told you I loved you." The words sounded thick in my throat. "There's nothing else to tell you, nothing else to explain. If you can't believe me now you never will." Tears blinded me as I ran past him and into my cabin.

I WAS glad I had a cabin to myself. I could never have stifled my sobs. Heedless of my still-wet bathing suit I flung myself down on the rough blankets and let the pain and the tears come. To find out that I was in love—and how rapturous that love could be—and to lose it again almost at once! All of our new-found happiness crushed by a few thoughtless words spoken beside a campfire and distorted by the twisted imagination of Mike, himself. All I had tried to do for him had been wiped out in that moment. He was again bitter and hostile, believing that I was as mercenary as the other woman who had betrayed him.

I could see no possible future for us. He had worked with me constantly for over two weeks; he had heard me say I loved him; and yet he had no faith. Even if I could convince him now of my sincerity, was there any reason to hope that it might not happen again? That he would not always be suspicious and watchful? Mike's outlook was warped. The wound I had thought was healed was opened again; it had gone deeper than I believed.

What could I have said to him, before, about Joe? There had never been any romance there. Joe had always known I was not in love with him and I was not even sure how much he cared. He had waited, hoping that the feeling we had for each other would ripen into something more. Until tonight I had not known what love was really like.

Sick with despair, I realized that Mike's cure had been only superficial. It had been a surface change and at the first check in his smooth progress he had reverted right back to his old bitter, defeated self. And yet I revolted at the hopelessness of the picture—I could not so easily give up this love we had found.

The next morning, the last of picking, I found Mike had arranged for a new partner. One of the Dent boys had been needed back home, and Mike was already picking with the other. He didn't look up as I passed. I went on to a patch of lower, younger vines that Joe thought I could manage alone.

Some of the hurt must have been

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reflected in my face because Joe lingered for a long time at my side, thoughtfully picking into my sack.

"Did you have a quarrel with our Irish friend, Carla? He volunteered to pick with Jimmy Dent and that sounds strange. I thought the two of you were a good team."

I tried to answer, but suddenly the weak tears came again. Joe gathered me into his arms and I cried on his shoulder, as I had done over every big hurt that I couldn't handle alone, since we were kids.

"You're in love with him, aren't you, Carla?" he asked, and his voice was slow and understanding. "I knew it yesterday. I can't say I'm glad for you—not and be honest. I don't know him and I don't trust him."

Even then I couldn't tell Joe the whole story. And I was ashamed of my weakness.

All day the hot sun beat fiercely on my back and shoulders but I hardly felt it. My mind was going ceaselessly back and forth, trying to find a solution. Mike couldn't go off and leave it this way—but I knew he was perfectly capable of doing just that. He had been burnt once.

It was nearly four o'clock before I had stripped the last hop from my isolated patch. And when I had made my way to the head of the field I found most of the others clustered there and still more coming in wearily from their rows. It had been a scorcher and there was little last-day celebration feeling. We were finished for the season—or nearly so. Only one row remained untouched. Partners eyed it with little interest. Nearly everyone was tired and no one felt inclined to stay behind and clean up.

THE truck lumbered up the dirt track and stopped. Joe climbed out from behind the wheel. His eyes took in the situation quickly. He looked from one to the other of us, feeling us out. Finally he heaved a sack over his shoulder and smiled.

"Anyone here man enough to take me on? We'll have a race, starting at the other end and working this way and the first one in is the best man. Pick clean—no leaving the underneath for the other guy—who'll take me on?" Everyone liked Joe—but everyone knew he was a champion picker, and, although there was a stir and a lot of good-natured pushing, no one ventured to step forward.

Except one. And when they saw who it was there was surprise . . . . and a shocked dismay, for me. It was Mike. He said nothing, just curtly shouldered his sack and stepped down ahead of Joe to the other end of the row. Joe gave me one quick look as he passed but I couldn't understand it. I could only see the determination of his shoulders as he followed Mike down the path.

A sick fatality possessed me. Mike couldn't win, not against Joe. And the scar of being beaten by the man who had everything Mike wanted—security, a sound position in his community and among his friends—respect—and even, as he believed, the girl he loved—what would that do to Mike?

The row was short and we could even see their faces as they fastened their sacks and then, at a signal, began to work. I hated to watch Joe's steady, sure fingers. I knew of old that monotonous swift rhythm which never slackened for a moment, never increased, never faltered. Against that sureness was pitted Mike's quicksilver speed—

but the handicap of his few weeks of experience against Joe's years. And Mike was tense. His nerves were an emotional drag. How could he hope to win?

At first they stayed together. Until their first, almost simultaneous call of "Weigh Up!" they worked almost face to face. Neither asked for quarter—neither skimped or left the other to do more than his share. Both worked in a concentrated, silent fury.

The people around me were beginning to feel the tension. They seemed to sense that this was no friendly sporting match and that these two were battling with every ounce of strength and skill. I couldn't bear to sit and watch comfortably as they did; I had to stand, fear turning my veins to ice. Mike's temper—those nerves keyed up to the breaking point—how could they stand up under an ordeal of this kind?

Then the unbelievable happened. Mike pulled ahead. Still working cleanly and swiftly, but with a terrible urgency in his arms and fingers, he picked up speed. Behind him, Joe plodded on in the same set cadenced motion. But I thought I saw a difference. I thought I understood—Joe was letting Mike beat him—for me!

My heart was pounding. If Mike could only win! If he could have the satisfaction of knowing that he was as good—better—than anyone here—that he could hold his own with other men! It would do so much for him. It would give him back his confidence in himself.

BUT even as I dared hope, I saw him falter. I saw his hands, tired under the strain, snatch at clusters of hops and miss, leaving a few still on the vine—a few to be grabbed for again—and missed—and a third time. And behind him Joe kept his pace, never missing a beat, never having to touch a vine a second time. They were so close now that only six vines were between them and us. On the sixth Mike was still ahead. On the fifth—and the fourth—he stayed in front but Joe was moving closer every second. On the third they were nearly even. Their shoulders matched across the row—Mike started for the second . . . and turned back. He had missed a cluster handing, concealed by leaves. And in the minute it took him to stop and gather those and go on to the next, Joe had passed him. Across the hushed holding-of-breaths came Joe's ringing shout—"Weigh!" And it was over.

At that moment I hated Joe. He had won deliberately—he had not, as I thought, meant that Mike should pass him.

I watched Mike fearfully as he straightened and turned to face the crowd who were slapping Joe on the back. I wanted to run to him and tell him it didn't matter. I took one step—and stopped.

Because Mike wasn't even aware of me. He was exchanging a look with Joe. A long look. A queer, satisfied, proud look, exchanged between equals. There was something shared between them I could not understand.

Mike smiled and it was the warmth of a lantern being lit slowly behind his eyes. I saw Joe's face reflect that warmth. I saw the approval that went out from the others to a good loser.

"We should have given you a head start," someone was saying to him—and Joe's eyes were keenly watching. "We couldn't expect you to beat Joe on even terms."

"No, thanks," Mike answered. "Even



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terms were what I wanted. I did the best I could and I was beaten fairly. I wouldn't want it any other way."

Astonished, I could only stand and stare. All that I had hoped to accomplish for Mike he had earned himself in that struggle with Joe. He had lost—and won. Won back his self-confidence and his self-respect. Joe had paid him the compliment of not holding back, of doing his utmost to win.

And I knew that Joe had never had any intention of letting Mike win. Joe had given me this last great gift. For my sake he had tested the man I loved and had given him a chance to show if he could come through. This was what Mike had needed—to be accepted on equal terms with more experienced men—to be given no odds or head starts. I thought to do it by pity and by acting as a buffer between him and others, when actually that had only prolonged his adjustment. I should have known from his temperament that he would not come running for help.

Joe had understood. But Joe had not known of that other, deeper trouble. He could not tell me how to shake that image of treachery of that other woman from Mike's eyes.

I started after the others back to camp, when I remembered I had left my scarf in the field where I had been working. I turned back for it, wearily.

MIKE had found himself again. Now that he was strong and sure, would he find that he didn't need me? Perhaps he was strong enough to forget those moments last night on the river. Perhaps he would be satisfied to think of me as Joe's wife. His mind was made up—he might never try to discover the truth.

I heard someone running down the path behind me.

"Carla—!"

Someone caught me around the waist, swung me around, held me fast in strong, muscular arms. A dark head—hazel-green eyes that danced—it was Mike! . . . and he was holding me as if he would never let me go. His words came out fast.

"Darling—can you forgive me? Can you forget what I said last night? I knew then I was wrong, but I couldn't think it out straight. Then, today, when I was picking with someone else, I realized what it meant to have you for a partner. Not just here. For the rest of my life. I remembered all you had done for me. All the understanding and the help and the sympathy you gave me when I first came and you had no reason to think I was anything but rude."

"I would never have married Joe, Mike. I couldn't have fallen in love with him after—"

"I know. I was going to ask Joe while we were picking, when we were alone. And I couldn't say it. The words wouldn't come. I knew then I would have to match my faith in you with yours in me. And, suddenly, it all fell into place. You were the wonderful person you always had been, and Joe was just a swell guy, and I—I was myself again, Carla."

The scar had healed. Someday Mike might even forget that day in jail when he had found that some women could be as cruel and destructive as an enemy with a gun. Because he had faith again.

My arms were around his neck. The hop field around us, with its stripped and sagging vines, trailing dispiritedly in the dust, was suddenly beautiful because we were there together and alone and Mike was kissing me.

Before We Part

Continued from page 35

thing Dessy had claimed—nice and attractive and a good dancer. And that was all. I liked him, I had a good time with him, and felt not the slightest interest in him as a beau nor the slightest urge to ever see him again after tonight. It was as if something had just gone dead in me.

And then the orchestra began to play "Before You Take Your Love Away." I was dancing with Gene and I stood it as long as I could, with the words pelting at me like bruising stones. *Take me in your arms . . . one hour of gladness. . . . And then goodbye. . . .* When that last, unbearable phrase came, I broke away from Gene.

"Excuse me a minute—that song—I—I—" And I turned and fled to the ladies' dressing room, leaving him staring after me.

Fortunately there was no one there. I sank down, trembling, in the chair in front of the dressing table. The mirror reflected my face, small, dead white, distraught. I was hearing Lance's voice, feeling his arms, seeing his face. The memory of our last night when he had sung those words rushed back until it was as if I were back in it, living it over. There in the car by the river, locked in each other's arms, while time was both swift and endless. And his hand cupping my chin as he'd said, "You can't be sensible about love. You can't measure it as if it were a suit of clothes . . ."

NO, our kind of love you couldn't. And our kind of love had been real—a living, breathing part of us that as long as we lived would always be a part of us. With the pain of that night had also come the glory of being irrevocably together. And now, feeling it, being back in it, I felt the togetherness more strongly than the pain.

My trembling stopped. There is a faith that is stronger than the facts that deny it, and there, in that moment, in that room with the music blaring outside, I knew it.

I was calm with it when Dessy opened the door and came hurrying over to me. "Gene said he was afraid you were ill—you left so suddenly. What is it, honey? Are you all right?"

"It was nothing. I just felt—funny for a minute. It's passed." I smiled reassuringly at her.

"It was that music, wasn't it?" she guessed shrewdly. "That piece they were playing—yours and Lance's piece. Oh, Linna, I wanted you to have a good time tonight and now—now—" She looked on the verge of tears.

I put my arm around her. "It's all right, Dessy. Honestly it is. That piece made everything all right, for good."

And I knew that that was true.

The European invasion rolled on through the summer and autumn, sometimes with dazzling speed, sometimes with heartbreaking, tragic, costly slowness. News of it kept us all breathless. Casualty lists for Clover Hill started to lengthen. Boys I'd grown up with, sons of friends of my parents'. I knew that Lance was in it now. Somewhere, somehow, he was caught up in that gigantic, rolling wheel of Fate.

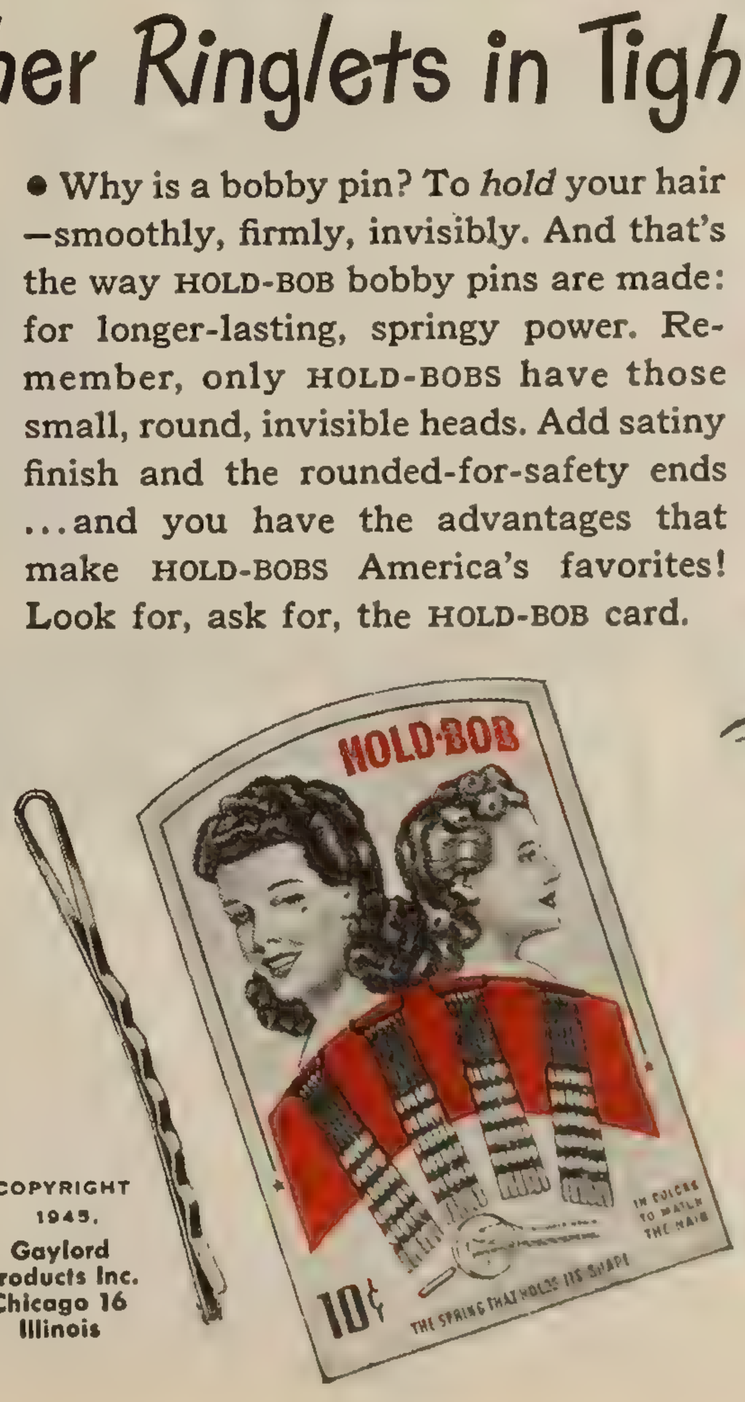
My life went on in much the same way. People had pretty well forgotten about my broken engagement now. The family, having watched me anxiously for a while, now seemed reassured about me. Lance's name was never spoken by any of us, and they thought their hopes had been realized and I had

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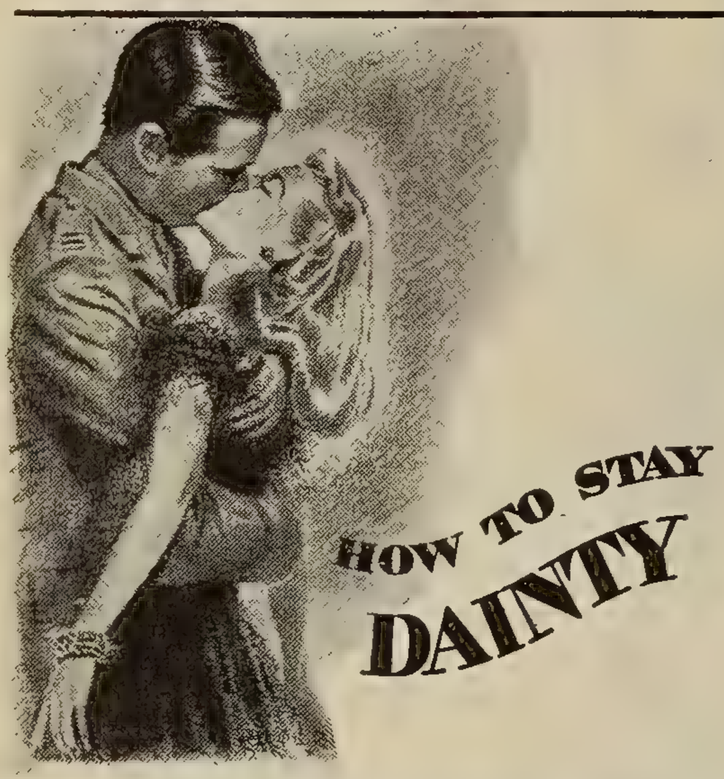
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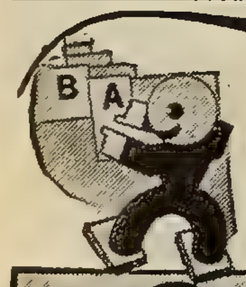
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forgotten the misery, the past, Lance.

I was far from forgetting. But there was a kind of serenity underlying my feelings now, in spite of my worry about his being wounded or ill—a serenity born of that faith that had come so overwhelmingly the night at Hillside Inn.

Late one afternoon Mr. Gregory called me into his office. He looked grave. "Something's happened that I feel you ought to know," he said in his kindly way. "We've just had news that Lance Jordan has been wounded."

"Wounded . . ." I grabbed at the edge of the desk to steady myself. "Badly—? Does it say—?"

He shook his head. "So far, we've had only the telegram from the War Department. We're taking steps to find out the details of course. As long as he had no family except—well, I mean, no family here, it's the least we can do. I hope this isn't a shock to you, Linna. But I felt you ought to know right away."

"Thank you," I said, half whispering. "Yes—I ought to know—"

If only he'll be all right, if only it isn't bad. I kept saying that over and over to myself. If there's someone to look after him, to take care of him.

And Angela—that faraway girl I'd never seen, the only clue to whom was the small, cramped handwriting on the package of letters—what was she feeling now? Did she know this same agony of suspense, this same longing to be near him, to take care of him? But of course she did, and that was agony for me of another kind. For she was his wife. She had a right to be near. She would know before I did how he was, where he was.

It was only a week or so later that Mr. Gregory told me the details. He never told me how he got them. He may have cabled Angela or he may have gotten them through routine, official channels, I don't know. Lance had been hit by shrapnel in both arms. The right arm was a flesh wound and not serious, though painful; in the left, part of the bone had been badly nicked and that would take months in an orthopedic hospital to heal. But eventually he would have full use of both.

Humbly, I thanked God. He might have been permanently disabled or mutilated. This way, though he had known shock and great pain, he would one day be whole again. And surely—oh, most surely—as soon as he was on the mend, then I would hear from him. My lonely faith in the love that had been between us would be justified.

I tried to go on as before. I tried not to worry but, mostly, I tried not to feel the hurt at the separation between us. For we were separated by far more than the miles of ocean, of different countries, even of experiences. We were parted by the greatest of all gulfs; the right of another woman to be at his side, to be needed and wanted and depended on.

I worked hard all day at the office. I began to take a nurse's aid course at nights at the hospital. I re-painted the furniture in my room and made some new drapes. I was filling in time, bolstering up minutes, so that there should never be an empty one as I waited for word from Lance. And weeks lengthened into months.

"You're doing too much," mother kept saying. "You've lost weight, you're wearing yourself out. Please, dear, give up some of these things you're doing, and rest."

"I'm all right," I told her. "I like to keep busy."

But I was wearing myself out. And the longer I waited, the greater the need for activity—so that there should be no

time, twice each day, to feel my heart drop when there was no letter from Lance. Instead of giving anything up, I did more and more, sustained by what seemed like a fever inside me.

AND then one day Dad came home from work, looking more disturbed than I had ever seen him. I was setting the table for dinner, and he passed through the diningroom with hardly a word to me and went on out to the kitchen where mother was. I heard their low-voiced colloquy, and wondered what was wrong. Dad's business had been hard hit by the war, and I hoped nothing serious had happened.

In a little while, he came back in the dining room. "Will you come in here, please, dear?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

He led the way to his favorite chair in the living room and motioned me to sit on the arm of it as I used to do as a child. Wondering and alarmed, I sat down beside him.

"Linna—I've rather a shock for you. Lance Jordan is back—he's here in town."

I sprang up as if the words had been an electric shock. "Lance—here! You've seen him—" I felt a blind, unreasoning impulse to go to him, wherever he was, to see him. It was as if all the last months had been blotted out and everything was as it had been on the last night we were together. For that one second, I forgot all except that he was in Clover Hill.

"No," my father said, "I haven't seen him, but other people have. He only got in this afternoon. Linna—" he was watching me narrowly now, his eyes worried—"that's not all of it. You see, he's brought a child with him. His child."

"His—*child.*" The whisper hung between us, swirling around us, filling the room. And then it filled it completely until there wasn't any room any more, but just dizzying space. My father sprang up and grabbed me and lowered me carefully into the chair. I heard him call out for mother.

"I'm—I'm all right," I said, making a gigantic effort. The room stopped whirling. "It's just that—I didn't know he had—a child. Is it—is it—" It was so hard to talk!

"A little girl, apparently. Three months old. And, Linna, his wife did not come with him. He doesn't say why. He only said she was still in England."

His wife did not come with him.

My father's voice went on, brisk, almost harsh. "You had to know, of course. But you're not to see him, you understand. He has behaved in the worst possible way a man can. I don't know what you feel about him any more—I hope to heaven you're completely over the fellow. But no matter how you feel, you are not to see him even if he wants you to!"

I scarcely seemed to hear. The baby . . . *his* baby. . . . That was all I could think of. Somehow its existence made the marriage what it had never actually been to me before: a real and living thing. A force that had produced this new life, this new being, a tangible evidence of love. What difference could explanations make now, in the face of that? What difference could all our deep oneness make now? Lance was here, walking these streets. And yet—

"Do you hear what I'm saying?" Dad went on gently. "I'm acting only for your own good, you know. I shall make a point of seeing him myself, tomorrow, but you are not to. Is that



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clear?"

"Yes, yes," I murmured. "Please, Dad—just—just leave me alone for a little while—"

Dad smoothed my hair, caressingly, soothingly. "I only wish," he said in a voice that no longer held any harshness, "that you could have been spared this final blow, this final humiliation."

He helped me up, and I went upstairs and shut the door of my room and lay down on the bed, unutterably weary and yet with every nerve in my body alive.

Lance back—and yet not back. And I knew then that although I had honestly, deeply in my soul, given up all thought of marriage with Lance on the day I'd been compelled to lock my hope chest—still some feeling of his belonging to me and I to him, born of what we'd shared each with the other, had been the thing that had sustained me all this time. But now there was no more belonging. No more at all.

Suddenly I could no longer stand my room or my thoughts or anything that was mine. I had to get away. I got up, bathed my face, and went downstairs.

"I'm going out for a walk," I said.

My mother jumped up. "No, dear, no! Not alone, not like this. You mustn't—"

"I'm all right, mother. And I've got to. I've got to! I have to be alone, I tell you!" A sort of hysteria was creeping close to the surface. They all felt it.

"Let her go, Alma," Dad said.

I didn't wait to hear what he said. It didn't matter, anyway. Even if he'd protested, or forbidden me, I'd have gone. I had to get away from everything I knew, all that had been haven and home to me.

I don't know how far I'd stumbled along before I was aware of footsteps behind me and then a voice calling my name. "Linna!" It came again. And this time I stopped and turned, fully awake now, fully knowing. Lance.

He came close to me and stood there. There was no greeting.

"I saw you come out of the house," he said at last. "I was across the street, waiting, trying to get up the courage to come in."

"There's nothing to say. Not now. I want—I have to be alone now." I turned and started away.

"Wait, Linna! I don't blame you for turning away, for wanting to be alone. Only—you can't be alone with those thoughts you must have now. You can't! I'm not asking for forgiveness for what I made you suffer. But I am asking for you to understand, for your own sake. . . . Don't you see?"

"I felt that, too—once," I said. "That there was something to understand. But not any more. All I know is that you've come back, without a word but with your baby—"

"So you know that, too," he said bitterly. "I might have realized you would. But that's part of it, Linna—my baby."

He stopped and took a long breath. I heard only the heavy, sick thudding of my heart.

"You see," he said then, quite simply. "In a way—in a funny, inexplicable sort of way—that's why I'm here. Because I had to bring my baby back to *you*, Linna."

There is something between Lance and Linna stronger than pride—something that has drawn him back to offer his child to her. But does this mean that he offers himself, as well? Read the strange conclusion of Before We Part in the July issue of RADIO ROMANCES, *on sale June* 15.

To be concluded

"Q and A" ON SPENDING

Question: Nearly everyone has more money today than formerly. That's prosperity, isn't it?

Answer: Everyone having plenty of money doesn't necessarily mean prosperity. People, when they have money, want to spend it.

Question: But everyone having plenty of money and spending it on goods spells a sound economy, doesn't it?

Answer: Right now, it spells inflation ahead if we aren't careful. Plenty of money to buy things, when there are things to buy, is sound enough, but when there aren't things to buy, it means trouble. It means that some of us are foolish enough to buy on the black market, to purchase rationed goods without giving stamps in return, to buy things at prices above the established ceiling. Those unwise spenders can bring an inflationary condition that means disaster.

Question: What sort of disaster?

Answer: Remember the days of the last depression—apple peddlers and soup kitchens and all the rest? Those days can come back—and they will if we don't fight and win the home-front battle against inflation.

Question: What *is* a good buy today—a safe buy?

Answer: That's easy—War Bonds! Buy *and keep* all the war bonds you can. Save your money, and you'll be saving for a safe future in a safe America!



Martha O'Driscoll

in "HERE COME THE CO-EDS"

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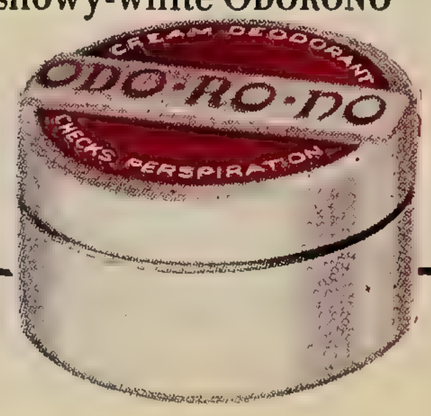
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Vigil

(*Continued from page* 41)

town where the houses were big and ugly with funny little cupolas on top. Once they had been mansions. Now most of them were boarding houses. The landlady who looked after her was a sour individual who looked at us suspiciously as she ushered us up the stairs, and into her room. It was an enormous, old-fashioned room and into it Aunt Emma had crowded what must have been family treasures. Teakwood tables, a massive mohair sofa—and a melodeon, the keys yellowed with age. In the great four-poster bed was Aunt Emma herself. A small, bisque-doll type of old lady with white braids and eyes bright as a bird's. She was surrounded by movie magazines and mystery stories.

"Oh, my," she said excitedly. "Oh *my*—this is the nicest thing that's happened to me in years! Goodness, Amanda, but you're pretty! You look exactly like the girl in this detective story who outwitted the crooks. She had green eyes too, and looked as if she had had all kinds of exciting things happen to her just as you do!"

"That's the trouble, Aunt Emma," I assured her. "Nothing has ever happened to me. Not really." But I couldn't help laughing. And suddenly we were all three talking at once, and Aunt Emma's cheeks were pink as a girl's as she opened her packages. "*Black!*" she cried. "Oh my, how I've wanted a *black nightie!* Why even Lana Turner never had a more beautiful one! And this perfume. . . . Mr. Whitcomb, or *Lieutenant* Whitcomb, I mean—goodness, what *shall* I call you?"

"DON," said D. Whitcomb grinning widely. "Just Don."

"Well, Don," said the little old lady looking embarrassed, "would you mind stepping out into the hall for just a moment? I do so want to try this on right away. A black *silk* nightie, and this wonderful perfume!"

"You'll look like a Glamma Girl!" Don teased her, disappearing through the door with Whitey at his heels.

I helped her slip the gown on, and her poor frail little body was lost in its folds. I had bought a soft little bed-jacket that went with the gown—black tufted silk with a spray of pink roses. She looked like a little queen propped up on her pillows. There were tears in her eyes as she turned to me. "Amanda dear, I hope God blesses you both very much for what you've done tonight." I kissed her cheek and my own eyes were wet.

She laid a thin, trembling hand on mine. "He's fine, your young man. He's good all the way through. I can tell."

"He is not 'my young man,' Aunt Emma," I said quietly. And I explained about Don. In another moment he was back in the room, declaring her his "pin-up" girl, and we were all laughing and joking. Then Don, catching sight of the melodeon, reminded me of my promise to teach him about music. For an instant, a cold finger touched my heart. I had not played since Steve went away. All the desire to bring melody into being had left me. All the rich passionate rhythm that had stirred me so and seemed a part of me, was gone. Dried up. I regretted my impulsive

promise to Don. I had meant to teach him only through records.

But he led me to the melodeon and as I sat down in front of it, my fingers wandered almost involuntarily over the keys. I played softly at first. Simple little melodies. Whitey came and stretched out beside me, and just to see what would happen I played The Desert Song. Immediately his great head lifted and he emitted the strangest singing noises known to man or beast! When we all burst out laughing, he subsided with a silly expression on his face that was even funnier than the singing. "Oh my," gasped Aunt Emma. "I've never enjoyed anything so much!"

"But we are tiring you out. We'd better go now," I said.

"Oh no. Not yet!" she protested.

"We'll be back soon," Don promised.

That evening was the first of many similar visits—laughter, good talk, music. We always brought a "surprise" for Aunt Emma. Sometimes it was nothing more than a picture puzzle. But she looked forward to it as eagerly as a child. She seemed to be growing brighter and stronger with each visit.

Gradually the shadow was disappearing from Don's face too. That tight, indrawn look of suffering. He was reading up in his engineering books again, and talking about taking an advanced course at the University.

BUT it was I who was gaining the most from those visits. It was like coming to life again after being frozen and dead inside. I even began to have a secret hope: Steve had wanted to get back into the war again and hadn't wanted to hurt me. One of these days he would come back, a famous war correspondent, and life would begin again for us. Together. In this dream I pictured the gown I would wear—something smart and sophisticated. Because I was completely grown up now. Steve would find me different. An adult woman. I would not fail him again. I imagined us as we used to be, in each other's arms. Steve's kisses hard and burning on my lips. Steve, pulling me to him roughly, possessively. . . .

The trouble with coming alive once more is that you begin to feel all over again. There is a longing in the blood that will not be stilled. . . . I ached for Steve. He had a masculine magnetism that drew women irresistibly. And at that thought my heart turned over. Because I knew wherever he was, he was drawing women to him. Beautiful women. It would be like that always with Steve.

I told Don about him once. Very briefly. It was only right that Don should know. He listened quietly and when I finished he said, "It seems to me you got a hell of a deal, Mandy. And stop thinking of yourself as a failure. You couldn't fail anyone. . . ."

Aunt Emma and I spent weeks planning Don's birthday party. It fell on a Sunday, and Sunday was my one night off from the radio station. We decided to have a spaghetti dinner—which he loved—served in high style on the biggest teakwood table. I could have the dinner sent up from the Italian restaurant nearby along with good *beau rosé* wine. "And he must have a cake too," Aunt Emma cried. "A big cake with 'Happy Birthday to Don' on it!" So I brought a huge chocolate one—with sixteen yellow candles on it—"Add ten more candles, and you've got my right age!" Don cried when he saw

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it. 'Now for my wish."

He blew fiercely, and all the candles went out. "I get it! Aunt Emma, you hear that, I get it!" He was like a boy tonight, exultant, glowing.

"And you deserve it, whatever it is," said the old lady. Later she whispered to me, "Isn't he handsome?" Don had come to take the place of the son she had never known, and she was happy. I smiled with deep affection for them both—but my heart was far away.

We sang "Happy Birthday," and then I played some boogie-woogie for Aunt Emma. "Another request number, please," said Don. "Will you play Love Is Forever?"

I stiffened, and my hands went dead on the keys. "No, I can't play that," I said. "Not ever."

Love Is Forever. Steve's piece and mine. The one they had been playing when we first danced together. The piece that had softly filtered through the enchantment the night Steve asked me to marry him. A wisp of white cloud had trailed across the moon and Steve had whispered, "Love *is* forever with us, sweet. Don't make me wait any longer. . . ." And I gave way to his kissing, loving him so terribly. "We can find a minister over in Minton to do it now," I had murmured against his lips. And so we had gone. . . .

The piece was a mockery now. I looked up and saw that Don's face was white as if he had guessed my thoughts. "Let me play The Trolley Song instead," I suggested quickly. And the bad moment was over.

I USED to like to ride the trolleys, especially the open streetcars," said Aunt Emma wistfully. "I remember I had a white muslin dress and a big hat. . . ." Her voice sounded tired and contented. A silent signal passed between Don and me. It was time for us to go. We put the room in order and kissed her gently. "Don't forget to play that new Henry James record tomorrow night," she called crisply as we were leaving. You couldn't beat Aunt Emma!

Outside, it had begun to rain and a wind had sprung up. Impossible to get a taxi at that hour. Don took my elbow and hurried me along. "There won't be a bus for another hour, I'm afraid," he said. Then—"Look, why don't we go to my place until the worst of this is over? It's not so far away. Besides you've never seen my sub-penthouse!"

Like two children we raced along the streets, Whitey snorting along behind us. At an iron gate we turned in and went down three steps. "Welcome to my princely abode!" said Don, lighting the lamps. It was nice. Nice and masculine. Two rooms in comfortable disorder, with blueprints on a table and pipes hanging in a rack near the fireplace. Don lit a fire to dry us off. Whitey promptly went to bed and soon was snoring lustily. "No manners. It's the Indian in him," said Don. There was a curious sense of intimacy in the little room. We sat on cushions in front of the fire sipping hot drinks. "This is the finest birthday I've ever had," he sighed happily, and swung around so that our shoulders touched. A spark flew out of the grate and we both reached to put it out. Our hands met, and then somehow his arms were around me and Don's face was coming close. "You have all this love to give. Why don't you give it to me, darling?" His mouth was on mine; firm, tender.

For one flash I thought how sweet it would be to surrender to the seeking of those lips. To try to blot out the memory of Steve with the immediacy of Don.

He lifted his head and searched my eyes. "It would have to be all or nothing with us, Amanda. I love you too much for anything less. I want you for my wife. I want to build up the things that tie two people together, a real home with children. . . ."

He must have read the answer in my face. Because his hands dropped from my shoulders and he walked away. "It's no good. I've been kidding myself along, thinking I had a chance. . . . But I don't want second place in your heart, Amanda. I want all of it."

The black shadow had fallen across his features again. I had done that to him, hurting him like this. I might have guessed. But I had been too self-centered, steeped in my own misery. "Don, oh Don, I'm sorry." It sounded stiff and trite. Words are such sorry little things at times. I picked up my coat.

It had stopped raining and we managed to get a late bus to the other side of town where I lived. The light from the doorway fell across Don's white face as we stood on the stoop. I was to remember him for many a day as he looked then, stern, and terribly young and tired. "I won't be seeing you again, Amanda. I can't go on just being friends. . . ."

It was better that way, of course. A clean break was much the best. He had been hurt enough. But I had a foretaste of how much I was going to miss him. His friendship had come to mean a great deal to me.

THE days fell back into the old pattern of dreariness. The radio station did raise my salary and ask me to be a "spot" player on some of their earlier broadcasts, but that was the one bright note. I kept my old job along with it —"pancake turner" on the graveyard shift. And I still saw Aunt Emma frequently, but even she had not heard from Don. "I wish you could find this Steve Wiler," she said once. "I wish you could get him out of your system."

But in the end I did not need to find him. My husband found me.

Late one night as I entered the studio, a man came forward to meet me. Steve. Steve in the flesh, just as I'd dreamed of him being there. "Hello, Mandy," he said and his voice was uncertain.

"Hello, Steve," I said against the tightness in my throat. "Sit over there. The red signal light will be on in another half minute and I have to start playing the records." He nodded, and sat where he could watch me. "Nice job you've got here," he said.

"Good enough," I shrugged. And something made me add, "Forty-five dollars a week. Not bad." But I did not explain that that included my extra work.

"I—I've come to tell you how sorry I am, Mandy. I made a big mistake."

"Sh!" I said. "Starting time." We were on the air—and I had no intention of having Steve Wiler make a fool of himself, and of me. He had made me go through torment, this man. I had asked nothing more of life than that he hold me in his arms again. I'd had waking dreams of our meeting like this. And now he was here. . . . I felt nothing. There was no thrill. Not even a sense of expectancy. What had happened to me?

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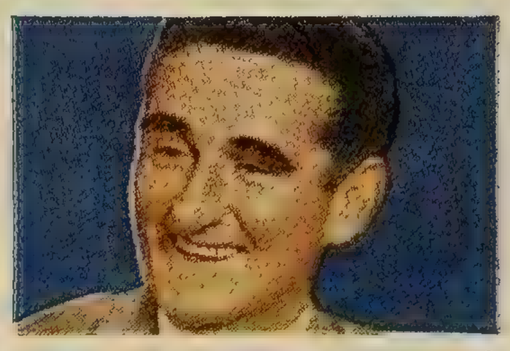
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And looking at Steve, slouched in a chair on the other side of the studio, I suddenly knew. I had grown up. The star-dust had cleared from my eyes and I saw him plainly for the first time. An easygoing fellow with charm —and nothing else. While my aunt's money had lasted, he stayed. But when he was faced with earning a living for the two of us, he left. He had traced me here through Ann, and found that I had a good job. So he was willing to come back. . . .

As soon as I could leave the room for a moment, I beckoned him and he followed me out. It was amazing that I could be so insensible to him. I realized that I must have been holding the imaginary Steve—and not the real man —in my heart for a long time. And now I was free of him. For all time. "Sorry, Steve. You walked out on me once. Since then I've made a life of my own and I'm satisfied with it just the way it is."

"No place in it for me, eh?" He tried to swagger a bit but it didn't quite come off.

"That's right, Steve." I could not help pitying him a little. He looked so deflated. . . . I went back into the studio, alone, knowing that chapter of my life was closed for good.

I found myself putting on The Desert Song. Would Whitey sing? Were he and Don listening in tonight? *Don.* . . . A warmth stole through my blood and crept into my heart. *"I don't want second place in your heart, Amanda. I want all of it,"* he had said. And with a sudden surge of joy I knew it belonged to him.

But how could I let him know?

WITH trembling fingers I set the needle on a new record. The piece I had thought never to play again. *Love Is Forever.* Would Don hear it? Would he understand what I was trying to say? Love *is* forever—the kind of love we shared. My marriage to Steve Wiler had never been a real one.

During the last two hours of the broadcast I played *Love Is Forever* six times. And each time I prayed that Don was tuned in. But when I came out of the studio there had been no telephone call, no message of any kind.

And then I saw him standing at the entrance. Just as he had that first day, with Whitey at his heels. Slim and hard and tall—and infinitely dear. His eyes blazed a question. And he found the answer in mine. Without a word, he fitted his arm under mine and we walked down to the docks. The rising sun made a glory of the river and touched our faces like a benediction. "*My* girl," he whispered. "Oh my darling!"

After a long moment we drew apart. "Let's go tell Aunt Emma!" he said. "Thank God I couldn't sleep last night. . . ."

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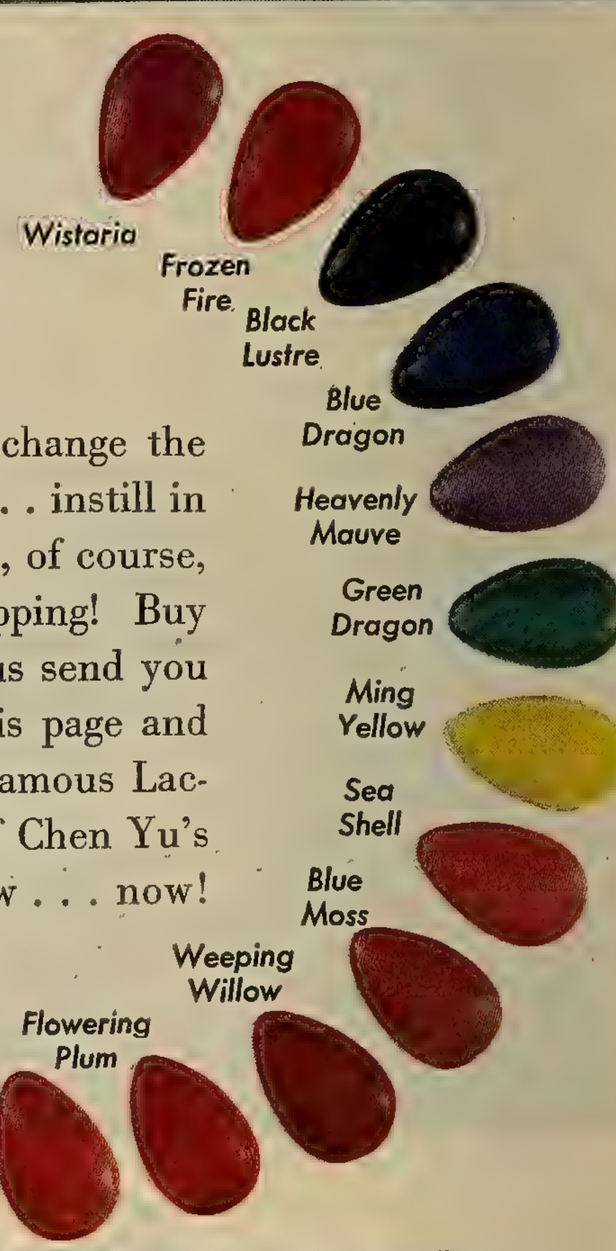
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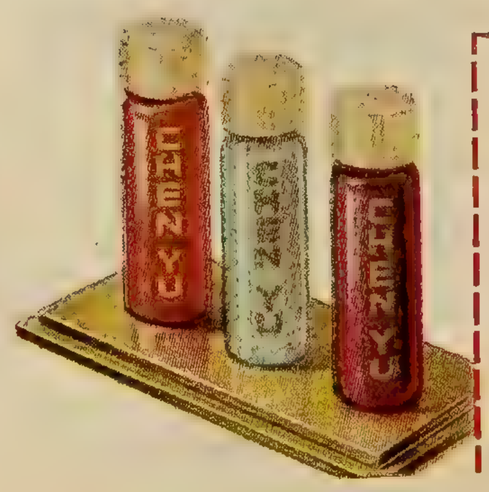
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False Magic

Continued from page 45

no, he wasn't married. But that was all—the girls spoke of him with a queer guardedness or an overdone nonchalance, something the way my friends and I, in our earliest teens, had spoken of the particular movie actor we happened to be in love with at the moment.

Right from the beginning, too, I must have sensed that Jerry was going to become an important, dominating figure in my life, something set apart from everything else, something to be kept a secret. Because I avoided mention of Jerry that first night, when David asked me about my new job. And I welcomed David, when he came into our livingroom, more warmly even than usual—almost as if he were a rescuer.

AND yet I was vaguely uncomfortable with David—for the first time in all the years I'd known him, the years when I sat on the curb and watched him playing baseball with the other boys, the years in school when I'd worshipped from afar, the years in high school when at last he realized that I was a girl and not just something that always hung around in the middle distance—for the first time in all those years I felt a lack in David, a lack in our relationship. Close as we were, I found, as I examined us with newly-brightened eyes, we were close in a too-casual, too brotherly-sisterly way. What did I want of his kiss that was not there? Not more warmth—that there was in abundance. Not more strength—his lips against mine were firm, his arms about me solidly, comfortingly real. What then? I didn't know—I didn't know, and yet I wanted for the first time in my life to turn away from him a little.

"Is the new job fun?" David asked, as he hung up his hat and topcoat in the hall closet. "Tell me about it."

"It's going to be fun, I think," I answered, glad to be talking instead of thinking. "They've given me a little office next to the bookkeeper's. The people seem to be awfully nice. There's a girl named . . ." My voice went on and on, describing the office, the girls, the men in the sales department and on the announcing staff. But I didn't speak of Jerry. It was as if I were trying to keep Jerry from coming between us by ignoring him, by refusing to mention his name. But that night I dreamed an ugly dream of Jerry—a Jerry who stood with outstretched arms, and those arms were the poles of a magnet, drawing me away from everything dear to me, drawing me strongly, inexorably, to him.

The next morning, walking to work in the bright sunshine, I tried to laugh at myself—and I very nearly succeeded. But I found, when I got to the office and began to sort my way through the early mail, that I was waiting for something. I wouldn't acknowledge that I was waiting for Jerry to come and pick up his mail; I only knew that there was an indefinable air of suspended time in that little office of mine, of time holding its breath, and waiting . . . waiting . . .

Jerry came in early in the afternoon, and once again I felt, rather than saw or heard him. He came smiling across to the desk, and once again he let his hand rest lightly on my shoulder, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And perhaps—I've only just thought of this—in anyone else it would have been natural and friendly and meant nothing more, emotionally.

"Much mail for me today, Bunny?" he asked.

"I haven't the two o'clock delivery sorted yet," I told him, and began to separate the pile of letters in front of me.

"I'll wait," he said, and stood there, so very close, while my fumbling fingers turned the envelopes over, and my eyes tried and failed to see the addresses on them. Somehow, all the time as conscious of his hand on my shoulder as if it had been burning hot, I managed to find his letters, and I turned to give them to him.

He took the letters out of my hand, and then captured my hand in his other one. "It's a pretty hand, Bunny. Long, artistic fingers. Do you play the piano?"

I'd been asked the question a hundred times, and had always found it silly and boring, a half-hearted effort to make conversation. But it was Jerry who asked, this time, and that made all the difference.

"A little—not well at all. But I love it."

He nodded, and the smile I was already learning to wait for lighted up his eyes. He gave my hand a little squeeze. "I knew you would—I knew you'd like pretty things, good things, Bunny. And I like your lovely hands, and their nice little nails, painted a pretty little-girl pink, instead of a bloody red."

I tried to match his smile, but my face felt stiff. Almost as if I were afraid. "I know. My father says that most girls nowadays look as if they'd just got through skinning a rabbit." And then I thought, *How awkward that sounded—how silly and little-girlish! Why did I have to say that! Why can't I be sophisticated and clever, and have smart answers right on the tip of my tongue?*

THERE was a little silence. Then Jerry put his mail into his pocket and turned away. "I've got to get back. See you tomorrow, Bunny."

"See you tomorrow," I echoed.

See you tomorrow . . . see you tomorrow. And I suddenly felt that today was finished and done with, because I wouldn't see Jerry again until tomorrow.

I don't think I was in love with Jerry then. Mostly I was just confused and frightened and uneasy—and, most of all, aghast that he—that anyone—could kindle such terrifying responsive fires in me.

Almost prayerfully I tried to evoke the image of David—Dave, with his earnest grey eyes and his quick, endearing smile and his forever-rumpled dark hair. But it was no good, and even David in person was little more use in banishing the almost tangible presence of Jerry than remembering him was, as I found when Dave came that night to take me to the movies. Even when we sat with Dave's sketches, worn and wrinkled from many months of loving handling, spread out before us, and began our favorite topic of what the house we'd build some day would look like, I couldn't keep the picture of a dark, arrogant man with strong, exciting hands from intruding between my eyes and the sheets of paper.

The next morning, at my desk, I told myself that I was all kinds of a fool. What was wrong with me, anyway? I had David, and that, until now, had



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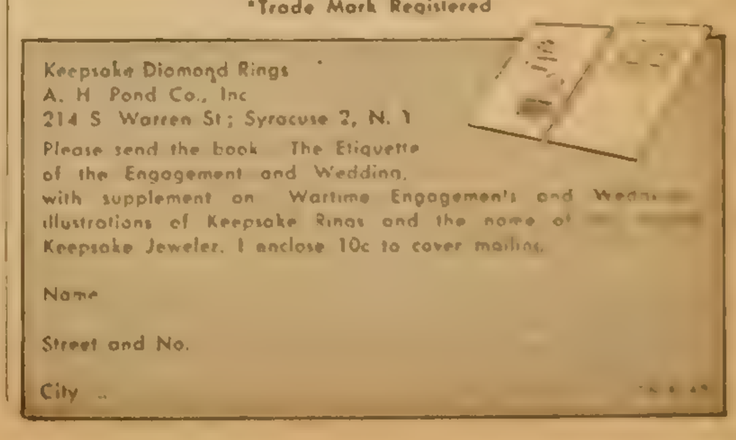


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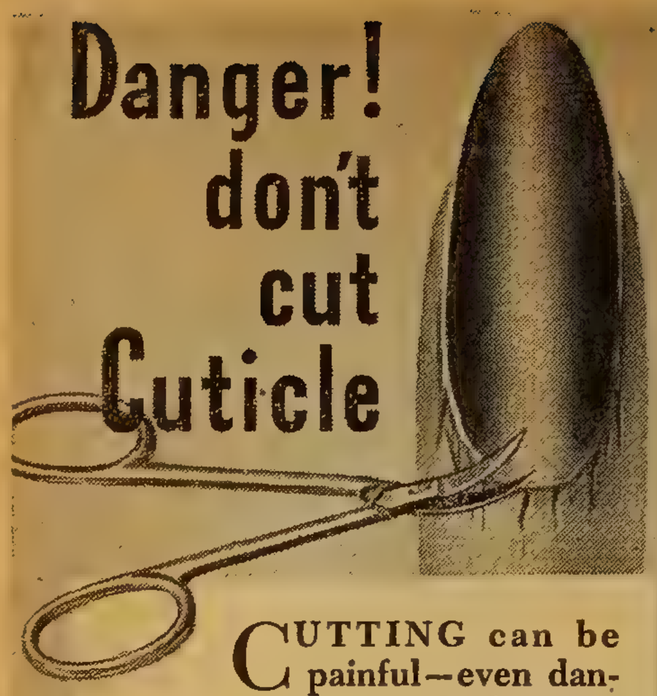
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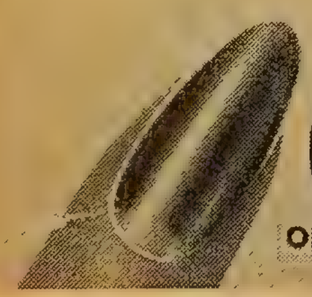

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been the same as saying that I had the whole world at my feet. What more, in heaven's name, could I ask of life? But I knew the answer to that, too—I could ask of life that Jerry Linder come in each day and send my heart racing, that Jerry Linder come in each day and drive away my sanity with the magic touch of his fingers!

I didn't know, then, about the greater, blacker magic in the touch of his lips. But I learned, that afternoon.

Perhaps that was one of Jerry's great charms—the casual, off-hand way he did things, I mean, so that they had happened to you before you had warning, before you had time to think *I mustn't do this; this is wrong.* Jerry's kissing me came that way—just the swift quickening of my heart, telling me he was coming, then the softest whisper of sound as he crossed the room—and then his lips on the curve of my shoulder, where the low, rounded neckline of my blouse left it bare. And my knowing, with a dull sickness, that this light casual brushing of Jerry's lips on my shoulder was more compelling than any kiss that David, in honest love, had ever placed full upon my mouth. . . .

"You—you can't do that!" I gasped, and turned swiftly around.

His eyes were bright with merriment, and there was something in back of them, too, more intimate than any amusement.

"I can't? What a silly thing to say, Bunny. Obviously, I *did.* And you liked it." He paused a moment, then amended, "You loved it."

I'm not a child, I tried to tell myself as I fought the excitement that mounted inside me at the touch of his lips on my skin. *I'm not a schoolgirl with a silly crush,* I argued as I tried to quiet by sheer force of will the pulsing of my heart in my throat and temples. *I'm a grown woman. I know my own mind. I know my own heart—I'm in love with David!*

"And you loved it," Jerry repeated, almost sharply, trying to pull me back from my dazed dreaming to an awareness of him—as if I could, for a moment, have him in the room and not be aware of him! "You loved it, and you know it, Bunny. It's just that you're all tangled up in a tight skein of inhibitions, of mother-told-me-not-to, and I-don't-know-you-well-enough and what-kind-of-a-girl-do-you-think-I-am and all that sort of nonsense. Between two people like us—two people who *know* each other from first sight, and know what they want of each other—there shouldn't be any conventions and rules to govern them. Believe me, Bunny. Now give me my mail like a good girl, and—"

He picked up his mail, smiled, raised his hand in a little gesture of salute, and walked out. He might just as well have added, as he went, "Well, I guess I've given *you* something to think about!"

And I guess he had! My reason was like something trapped, battering against the too-strong bars of the intense attraction Jerry held for me. My thinking was all in circles, always coming back to the same point—and the point was this: my day focused on Jerry's coming in for the mail. That was the center of my day-to-day living, and all morning was spent looking forward to his coming, and all afternoon in looking back on it, and hoping for tomorrow. That was how it was—that was how it had to be, because there was nothing I could do about it.

But that would end it, I told myself. This would be my secret—the secret of which I was ashamed enough as it was, heaven knew. But it would go no farther. I would never go out with Jerry, never have anything to do with him, or even think about him, except in connection with the office. My life outside would be quite a different thing—that belonged to David, and nothing could intrude.

I was, of course, quite wrong. And the dreadful thing was that I knew I was wrong. I knew, even then, that I could no more keep Jerry out of my life than I could voluntarily stop breathing. I knew that each day his hold on my heart would be greater. I knew, even if I wouldn't admit it then, that sooner or later it would be David who would be excluded from my plans and from my heart, simply because there would be room for no one but Jerry.

If Jerry had been a different sort of man, this would be a different story. Or perhaps there would be no story at all. If Jerry had been fine and decent and good, and everything that a girl wants in a man—if he had been everything David was—I would have only had to acknowledge that I had made a mistake, that I no longer loved David and did love Jerry, broken my engagement, and married Jerry instead, righting a wrong before it was too late. But Jerry wasn't that sort at all.

I knew that he was weak and unstable. I knew that he had left a trail of broken hearts behind him through the office, perhaps through the whole

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town. I knew those things—and they didn't matter. All that mattered in the whole wide world was that some little part out of each day I would see Jerry, be close to him, know the magic touch of his hands, hear his laughter, feel my heart leap in response to the mocking challenge of him.

The things I knew and heard about Jerry made as little impression on me as if they were things I knew of someone completely a stranger. Only for a moment my heart would sink and I would be ashamed; then I would forget.

There was the time, for instance, that I had lunch with Mary and Jeanette, two girls from the bookkeeping office. I hadn't been paying much attention to what they were saying—I'd been thinking of Jerry, as a matter of fact, wanting to talk about him, and still afraid to speak of him for fear the girls would realize how I felt.

But Jeanette spared me the trouble of bringing up his name.

"Mr. Glodin was down to see about Jerry's check again this morning," she told Jeanette, and at the sound of that "Jerry" I began to listen.

Mary laughed and shrugged. "Are they trying to garnishee his salary *again?*"

Jeanette nodded, and I asked, before I could stop myself, "Are you talking about Jerry Linder?"

Mary laughed once more. "I certainly am. Anyone who lets him charge anything must be out of his mind," she told me.

"He—he's careless about money?"

Jeanette's laughter joined hers. "Jerry Linder is careless about anything and everything," she said. They went on talking, but I wasn't listening any more. I was still hearing the complete contempt in her voice. And then, in a moment, I wasn't hearing it, or anything, any more. The second of revulsion had passed, and I was hurrying through my lunch in order to get back upstairs in case Jerry should come in early.

What can you do when you love a man you ought to hate? Jerry stood for everything in life I'd been brought up to disapprove. His mocking ridicule touched all the things that had been my gods—love, and marriage, and a home, and children. He wasn't even particularly clever—his conversation wasn't gay and witty, it was only bold and personal. He wasn't particularly handsome. What was the answer then? Only, I guess, that love is really and truly blind—or that women are.

And so I was blind, and I couldn't help it. And the weeks went by—weeks that were heavens of excitement and hells of fear and shame. And now, when he came into the office, Jerry no longer touched my arm, or stooped to kiss my shoulder lightly. He closed the door behind him when he came in now, and caught me in his arms. And I—I was ready for him, waiting for him, always. Because he was the only real thing in my life, now. David was a person I once knew, and our plans for the future were things I had once dreamed about. Only in Jerry's arms was I alive.

Once I tried to stop him with, "Jerry—won't you leave me alone? I'm not your kind of girl."

He held me off at arm's length, pretending to examine me closely, the mocking laughter dancing in his eyes. "Aren't you, Bunny? Then what kind of girl are you?"

"I don't know," I answered, and I was telling the truth. "Oh, Jerry, I don't know what kind of girl I am. I don't know!"

He pulled me to him very gently, then, but in spite of the gentleness there was a compelling urgency in his arms. He held me close and his lips were against my temple as I cried, over and over, "What am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

"I know what you're going to do," he said, at last. "And I know why you're frightened. It's because you're trying to—well, gamblers call it playing both ends against the middle. So this is what you're going to do—you're going to stop all this nonsense about not going out with me. You're going to tell that boy friend of yours that you're sorry, but you've made a mistake, and you want to make it right by breaking your engagement to him. And then—and then, sweetheart, you're going to be my girl—my own girl!"

My heart alternately sang and wept that afternoon as my fingers went mechanically through the motions of sorting and tabulating the mail. Sang, because my decision had been made for me. Sang, *Jerry wants me for his girl. He really loves me. He doesn't feel about me as he's felt about all those others. He wants me for his girl—he loves me, and we'll be married, and we'll be together forever.* Wept, because I knew that I would hurt David so, because no matter how I tried, I could find no words in which to frame the thing I had to tell him.

Dear David, it was like him to be kind and intuitive enough to help me. Because he asked, when we were seated on the porch that night, "Betty, honey, what's wrong?"

He had asked that before, in these

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past weeks, and always I'd managed to smile, and to assure him that nothing, nothing at all, was wrong. But now I had my opening.

"David—there *is* something wrong."

He moved closer to me, and his hand closed over both of mine.

"I've known that there was, dear. I've known it every time you've shaken your head and denied it. Is it—us?"

Mutely, I nodded. And after a moment, "Tell me," he said, and the kindness, the gentleness of his voice made me want to tear myself away, to run far from him, and hide.

"I—I've made a mistake David. I—David, I'm in love with someone else." I heard my voice saying it stiffly, as a child repeats a lesson learned by rote.

David was silent for a long time, and I, too, sat very still, hearing, in the midst of the silence, the little night sounds—the crickets, the going-to-sleep birds, the far-off cries of boys down the street playing some game under the arc light.

At last David asked, "Who is he, Betty?"

"His name is Jerry Linder."

I heard David's sharp catch of breath, felt him stiffen a little.

"Jerry Linder? Betty—I know him. I know of him, I mean. I've heard about him. Darling, I'm making a mess of this, but I ought to tell you—"

"I know what you're going to say," I interrupted. "And I don't want to hear it. It doesn't matter what Jerry is—or, rather, what he has been to other people. It's what he is to me that counts. I only know that I love him, and that's all that matters."

DAVID sighed and relaxed a little. "Betty—are you sure? Are you sure it's love? Because I think it isn't. I think it's something, some strange thing, that sometimes happens when a girl like you is exposed to a—to a man like him."

"I don't want to listen," I repeated, and I should have said, *I'm afraid to listen.* "I love Jerry Linder. I'm more sorry than I can say to have to do this to you, but you'd be the first one to say it was wrong of me to keep on going with you, to keep on planning a future with you, when I'm in love with someone else, David."

"I know," he said quietly. "I know. But oh, Betty—Betty, it won't last! Jerry Linder isn't your kind of person. He's—"

"I know that he's different from—from you, from the other boys I've known. But he loves me, too, David. And that will change him. I'll help him to change, when we're married. I'll be—"

"Married!" The word came out sharply, as if talk of love and talk of marriage were two different things. "You're going to marry—?"

I felt suddenly for the ring on the third finger of my left hand—the ring that David and I, together, had picked out at Darton's a year ago. The ring that David had put on my finger, while he said, *I hope you'll never take this off, darling, except that once when I put another one with it.*

I pulled the ring off now, and held it in my hand, outstretched to him. But he wouldn't take it. He closed my fingers tightly over it, instead.

"I don't want the ring, Betty. I want to make a bargain with you, instead. No—not a bargain. I want to ask you to make me a promise. Will you do that, for the sake of—oh, for your sake, darling, because I ask it of you?"

I was afraid that once again I would

have to hurt him—by saying no. But I asked, "What is the promise, David?"

He smiled down at me. "I want you to promise not to marry Jerry Linder for two months, Betty. It's for your own sake—because you're such a—oh, because I love you so much, dearest, that I couldn't bear it if I thought you were doing something that would make you unhappy. You've known me for years, and you've only just now discovered that you don't love me. Surely two months isn't too long a time for you to make sure that you love Jerry?"

Some sanity, some little caution that remained to me, prompted me to say, "Yes—yes, I'll promise you that, David."

He smiled again. "All right, dear. And until then, I want you to keep the ring. Not to wear it—just to keep it. And then, at the end of two months, if you're still going to marry Jerry, you can give it back to me. All right?"

I nodded. "All right." I managed to echo, but my throat was full of inexplicable tears.

He got up to go then, but before he left he stooped to kiss me, very gently. And there was no more relationship between his kiss and Jerry's than between the snows of the arctic and the sands of the desert.

That night, before I went to bed, I dropped my engagement ring into the right hand drawer of the dresser in my bedroom. And I knew that I was free for Jerry, now.

IT was in the month that followed that night that I discovered so much about that other Betty Kent, that second me that had been buried in my heart and mind so long, and had at last come to life.

I discovered what it was to be alternately tormented by desire and pain. I found that I had emotions undreamed of—jealousy and suspicion and distrust. I learned what insecurity was, and nagging fear, just as I found out what sheer, wild joy can be, and passionate longing so sharp that it is close to agony. For every woman, no matter how hard she tries to hide it, wants to possess the man she loves. I didn't succeed too well in hiding it, but that didn't matter—for a man like Jerry, I found, cannot be possessed any more easily than quicksilver can be captured between the fingers. Never, never for one moment, was I *sure*.

A man like Jerry—I found that many of my thoughts in those days began that way. Thoughts? They were excuses, really, but I wouldn't admit that. Jerry was neglectful. A man like Jerry always is, I told myself, but all that would be changed once he swung into the pattern of having a girl of his own—I couldn't somehow bring myself to say "being engaged"—instead of going about with so many girls. But the truth was that Jerry knew perfectly well how the feeling I had for him kept me completely enthralled, no matter how many dates he broke, how many disappointments and heartaches he gave me.

I wasn't a complete fool—at least, completely enamoured of Jerry as I was, I had sense enough to miss David. I missed the thoughtful little gifts and surprises. I missed the security I had known in going with someone I could depend on.

Jerry was always late—always. And much of the time he expected me to go to him. Night after night I met him at the end of his 10:30 broadcast. Sometimes, when I rebelled and stayed at home, he called me at eleven or so

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from a bar downtown. And always the momentary rebelliousness would dissolve, and I would dress and go down to meet him, to feel his kisses on my mouth, his arms about me. Even when at last I came to the point of promising myself that it would be "just this once more."

Marriage, marriage to Jerry I was sure, would solve all this. Marriage, I knew, would wipe away all the feeling of shame and guilt I had—shame that my heart and my mind, all my thoughts and desires, my very living and breathing, belonged so wholly to a man who was not my husband. But when I spoke of marriage, Jerry always laughed at me.

"Marriage—it's a vastly overrated institution," he would say. "Let's just be happy with what we have, Bunny. This is the best there is—no loving because you're bound to but because you really want to."

"But, Jerry," I would cry, "don't you want me?"

Then his mouth would come down, seeking mine, shutting out the world. And once again, I would be lost.

I so wanted to be blind to Jerry's shortcomings that I simply refused to let myself see them. And yet, in the back of my mind, I was as aware of them as I would have been of a scar on his face. He was completely irresponsible about money and debts: I overlooked that. He was neglectful and discourteous to the point of rudeness sometimes: I found excuses for him. He was in my blood, and I was sure that he would stay there, forever. I could see only misery ahead for me if I let myself see him in his true colors, and so I went on being blind, because I had to be, I thought, to save my own happiness.

THE two months in which I had promised David not to marry Jerry were almost up. And, if I had been honest, I would have admitted to myself that the promise had not been hard to keep—Jerry showed as little sign of being interested in marrying me as any stranger on the street might have. Less interest now, than before—than before, when he hadn't been sure of me. There was the new girl in the traffic department, for instance. I was well aware that Jerry was looking at her with more than casual interest, but I wouldn't let myself believe it until it was forcibly demonstrated to me. Like this:

I stopped at the door of the traffic department one afternoon—stopped softly and stood breath-held, quite aware that I was eavesdropping, and not caring, for I had heard Jerry's voice, low and intimate and mocking and inviting.

He was leaning over the new girl, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder. And he was saying, "You know, I'm not going to call you Mary at all. I'm going to call you Bunny, because you're cute and little and sweet and . . ."

I didn't hear any more. Waves of physical sickness washed over me and I actually had to cling to the wall to remain standing. And I kept hearing those words over and over, and seeing Jerry's supple fingers trailing over Mary's arm.

It was then that I stopped being blind. Then that I knew that to Jerry I was just an incident, another girl in a long list of conquests. I knew that he was selfish and cheap. I knew that he had made me those things, too. And what was worse, I felt that it was too

late to matter. I'd made worse than a fool of myself. It was too late to turn back to David. And I still didn't want to—Jerry was still the blood in my veins, the breath in my body, my reason for being alive. I saw him for what he was, and I loved him, not for it, but in spite of it.

That was a Thursday, and Thursday was Jerry's night off, the one night of the week that we could have a real, all-evening date. He came into my office a little later, and said, casually, "I'll be busy making transcriptions until about eleven tonight, honey. I'm sorry, but we'll have to call our date off until then."

His arms went around me, and I raised my face to meet his kiss, but even then I knew he was lying.

"You can cut transcriptions tomorrow," I told him. "Don't spoil tonight."

He shook his head. "You're the one who wants me to be a business man, Bunny. Work comes first, isn't that right?"

I'd told my parents that I'd be going out with Jerry, so I decided to stay downtown for dinner and go to a show. That way I could meet Jerry when he was through at eleven—and my parents wouldn't have to be witness to this latest blow to my pride.

I FINISHED dinner at six-thirty. I decided to go back to the station and ask Jerry to pick me up at the movie instead of having me come back to the station to meet him. And besides, I wanted to see him. I wanted to convince myself that he was working, for all through dinner I'd argued, as a woman in love will argue with myself, that the little incident this afternoon really meant nothing. Jerry was like that—he always would be. He'd always fool around with other girls. But it was me he really loved—hadn't he kissed me, this afternoon, with all the old ardor? Kissed me and teased me, and rumpled my hair . . . ?

I almost didn't see them. I was so preoccupied with making excuses for Jerry that I almost didn't see him and Mary as they came out of the station and got into a cab. Almost didn't see him look down at her with the intimacy I wanted reserved for me.

Ugly sickness spread through me, as I groped my way blindly down the street and boarded a home-bound bus. Sickness that was so much worse because I knew that when he came for me at eleven tonight, I would be waiting. I didn't hate him. I only hated myself, with a bitter loathing.

I didn't go into the house, when I got home. I couldn't. I simply dropped down on the old settee on the porch, and looked deep into the night's dark shadows, too weary of my life and myself even for tears. The night was lush with promise of summer. It was a night for love, and Jerry was with Mary, and I was alone with myself—alone with that other, secret Betty Kent, a girl who had no pride, who wasn't fit for any man but for a man like Jerry Linder.

At last, the tears came, and I lay there, sobbing until my heart seemed dry. But I felt better. I felt strangely clean.

After a long while I heard steps on the porch stairs. Jerry, I thought apathetically. But it wasn't Jerry—it was David. David, whom I hadn't seen since that night when I slipped his ring into my drawer upstairs.

"Hello, Betty," he said. And then, after a moment, when I didn't answer, "I—I came to see how you felt now."

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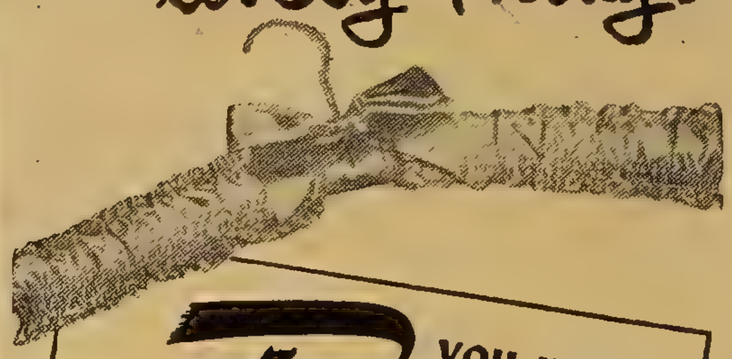
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"How I feel?"

He nodded. "Because the two months are up, dear, and I—I can't stand it any longer. I've realized that it's best for me to know for sure."

He came closer, and sat down beside me on the settee, looking closely at my face.

"Honey—you've been crying."

"Yes, Dave—I've been crying. Would you like to say 'I told you so'?" I asked sharply, wanting to hurt him the way you always want to hurt when you've been hurt yourself.

"Has it burned itself out, Betty?"

"With him it has," I answered. Pride had gone long ago.

"And with you?"

I felt the tears rising again. "Oh, David—I'm no good. I don't like him. I know what he is. But I love him. No—no, I don't love him. I want him—it's something that a person like you could never understand."

"Try me," he said gently. "Try me." And his arms came out to gather me into them, his hand to lift my face gently up to his kiss. I was prepared for the kiss he used to give—quick and gentle and fireless.

But this new kiss had all the old gentleness—and a new, blood-pounding, pulse-stirring fire. For a moment I lay in his arms, responsive and yielding, and then I tore myself abruptly away. How had this happened to me? What had I become?

"David—David, what's wrong with me? There must be something the matter with me! Can I feel the same way toward your kisses, now, as I did toward his? Would I feel the same toward any man who kissed me? What's wrong with me, David? I'm—I'm not—"

His fingers cut the words off. "Betty, sweetheart, let me tell you what's wrong with you. You're human. You're human and very young and very sweet. That's all that's wrong with you, if that can be wrong."

HE pillowed my head on his shoulder. "Listen to me for a little, Betty. You see, dear, every man knows what can happen to a girl like you—a girl who's been sheltered and cared for. Every man knows that there's another side to every woman, and that he can bring it out if he wants to. But a man who wants to marry a girl doesn't want to bring that side out—at least, not at first. He wants to be sure that their marriage is going to be founded on something more secure that what stirs within her when he kisses her. He wants more between them than physical attraction, don't you see? I could have loved you that way, dearest—but that wouldn't have been love, really. That's—oh, call it ecstasy. It doesn't wear well, dearest, unless it has a foundation in hope and courage and liking and friendship."

"But David," I managed at last, "how can you—I mean, suppose it had been the other way around. Suppose you'd fallen in love with some strange, reckless girl. I wouldn't have understood—"

He stopped the words with a quick gesture. "You *would* have understood, Betty. You would have been wise and patient. You would have, because you love me and trust me, just as I love you and trust you. Now, honey—forget this, just as I'm going to forget it. Forget it, and kiss me, because I've been lonely for you too long. . . ."

There was courage and hope and liking and friendship in that long, sweet kiss. And there was more—there was ecstasy.

Be My Love

Continued from page 23

time, with him. There was that big house, and his mother liked company . . . and Bill and Irene would never miss me. . . . Idiot, I told myself. Things just don't happen like that. He'll ask you to write to him, perhaps, and that's all. He's just being nice. . . .

But Dick didn't look particularly as if he were just being nice. He was tired, I was sure of it, sure that he hadn't slept at all the night before, and yet although he stretched out on the grass after we'd eaten the cold meats, the salad, the devilled eggs that the delicatessen had furnished, he didn't sleep now. I found paper in my purse and tried to write a note to my roommate in the city. Dick lay quietly beside me, and several times I was sure that he'd dozed off, but whenever I glanced at him, his eyes would open, and he'd smile a little . . . as if, I thought, he's glad I'm here. . . . And then I tried to push that thought back where it had come from, too.

That afternoon we found a place to stay. We left the park when the shadows were lengthening, and took the bus back toward town. And then, when the bus stopped at a corner in the residential district, I saw it—the house with the sign, "Rooms," and, at the curb before the house, a man and a woman loading bags and boxes into a car, obviously moving out. "Look!" I exclaimed.

DICK looked, and rose, pulling me up with him. We got off the bus, ran up to the house. The woman who answered the door introduced herself as Mrs. Malone, and after Dick had explained our situation, she said that she did have two rooms on the third floor. "I usually rent them as a unit," she said, "but they are separate, with separate entrances on the hall." She turned and led the way up the stairs. We followed, not in the least discouraged by the darkness of the stairwell, the smell of old cooking. After the night in the station, any sort of room was welcome. And then when we reached the top, they were better than we'd expected—two rooms opening off a hall, the smaller containing a bed and a chest of drawers; the larger had a studio couch, a drop-leaf table and chairs, and a kitchenette. "There's no telephone except in my apartment," said Mrs. Malone apologetically, "and the bath is on the second floor. The kitchen's fully equipped with china and silver, but I don't know how clean it is. The other people just left, and I've had time only to change the linens—"

Dick shook his head, as if these considerations were of small importance—and to us, they were. "It's fine," he said. "We'll take it." After Mrs. Malone had gone, he looked uncertainly at me. "I suppose we ought to call the station again—and how about our bags?"

He looked terribly tired. "I don't need mine right now," I said. "And I'll call the station. I'm going out to shop, anyway. If you want to take a nap—"

He nodded gratefully. "You'll wake me," he warned. "This town seems to close up early, and we don't want to miss dinner."

I promised to wake him, and Dick went out, into the other room. I heard his door close, heard him moving







3 Main Deodorant Troubles—

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around for a while, and then there was silence—and I was alone for the first time in a good many hours. Queer, I thought, how accustomed you can become to having someone always at your elbow.... And then I got briskly to my feet and set about examining my new quarters. As the landlady had said, the kitchen was fully equipped, even to an egg-beater, even to half-filled canisters of salt and sugar and flour that the departing tenants had evidently not thought worth while taking with them. It was really a very nice little kitchen, neatly painted, except for the edges of the cupboard shelves which the painters had neglected for some reason and which, of course, was the very part that showed. And it was clean, temptingly clean. . . . I looked at it, and then I picked up my purse and coat, knowing what I was going to do, determined not to let my own doubts stop me. I was going to get dinner for Dick, and I wasn't going to stop to think that he might not like it, that he might think that I was deliberately making our relationship more personal and intimate than circumstances had already made it. After all, I argued, it was the only way I could repay him for the dinner and the breakfast and the lunch he'd bought me. Resolutely I ignored the knowing little voice that whispered, "Besides, you want to do it. You want to get dinner for him more than you've ever wanted to do anything else. Yes, and you'd like to go on cooking for him, and keeping house for him, and picking up after him and ironing his shirts and washing his socks. You'd be happy over the humblest, meanest little task if you were doing it for him."

"Chops," I thought, banishing the voice. "And potatoes, and two green vegetables. And gravy. He's a meat-potatoes-and-gravy man, anyone can tell. He likes good, solid food and lots of it." I didn't pause to remind myself that I was presuming to know a great deal about a man who twenty-four hours ago had been a stranger. I went downstairs and outside, walked a block to the shopping center. I bought supplies, hurriedly, because it was late and the stores were closing. Four thick double lamb chops—Dick would eat three, and I, one—and potatoes, and cream to mash them with, because I was sure he'd like them mashed, and fresh green beans and new peas, and strawberries for dessert. I bought rolls and eggs, too, for breakfast the next morning, and, dodging into the dime store just before it closed, I found paper napkins and a gay paper table cover. On impulse, remembering Mrs. Malone's unpainted shelf edges, I added a roll of scalloped paper trimming to the collection. I called the station, too, and then, on my way back to the room, I met Mrs. Malone coming down the stairs. She smiled at me, at my bundles. "Looks like you're going to stay for a while," she remarked.

"It does," I agreed. "I just called the station, and they don't know when the trains will run."

"I could keep trying them for you," she offered. "That way, you won't have to run up and downstairs. I'll call tonight, later, and again in the morning, if you want."

I thanked her and went on up the stairs, my heart singing. Mrs. Malone was kind; everyone was kind; I had four thick chops that Dick was sure to like, and it was altogether a wonderful world.

I took my time over the dinner, took meticulous care cleaning the vegetables and the berries—both so that they would be absolutely perfect and so that Dick would have a longer nap. The table was a picture when I'd finished—yellow paper cloth, bright red berries, yellow dots of butter on the peas and beans. The chops were a rich, tender brown, and I'd drained off their juice to make gravy. And from the oven came the warm, homey smell of toasting rolls. I went to tap on Dick's door. "You asked to be awakened," I reminded him.

"Thanks—" and then, as he must have looked at his watch— "Hey! It's late! We won't find a thing to eat—" I retreated to my own room, my hand clapped over my mouth to stifle an idiotic giggle of anticipation and excitement. I heard Dick go downstairs, two steps at a time; a few minutes later he came charging up again. As I opened the door, I saw that his chin was nicked from a hasty shave, his hair still damp from the shower. "Ready?" he asked. Then he stared. "What's all this?"

THE giggle died in my throat. I sat frozen, waiting. He was going to be angry, and he'd cover it up by being politely appreciative—and that I wouldn't be able to bear. "Dinner," I said in a small voice. "Do you mind?"

"Mind!" he exclaimed in a dazed voice. "*Mind*—You—Louise, do you realize that this is the first home-cooked meal I've had in months?"

I drew a wavering breath of relief. It was all right. It was better than all right. Everything was perfect. I ate dinner in a haze of happiness, forgetting the train we must inevitably take, forgetting the shortness of our time

together. Those things didn't matter at the moment; nothing mattered except that right now, for a little wonderful while, I had everything I'd ever wanted, and more. I'd dreamed, of course, as every girl dreams, of sitting down to a meal I'd cooked in my own kitchen for the man I loved—but I'd never imagined anyone like Dick. He was so big and brown and alive, his slow smile so heart-warming, that the vague little dream-figures paled into oblivion. I'd been right about the things he liked, too—the fluffy mashed potatoes, the thick brown gravy. And he ate three chops, but only after he saw that I wasn't going to finish my one. I was too happy to be at all hungry.

AFTER dinner we did the dishes together. That, like the meal, was part of the dream-come-true. I washed, and Dick dried, and I scolded him a little when, man-fashion, he piled little dishes on top of big ones on the shelves. He didn't seem to mind the scolding. He grinned and said "Yes, Maw," and obediently rearranged the dishes in a neat stack. Then, when we were finished and the towels were hung to dry, I remembered the roll of shelf edging. "What's that?" Dick asked, as I took it from the bag and drew a chair up to the cupboards.

"A present for the household." I demonstrated by holding the trimming along the shelf. "See?"

"How do you know our landlady will like it?"

Our landlady. "She'd better," I said severely. "And if she doesn't, the next tenants will."

He grinned and shook his head. "Women," he said, "think of the darndest things." And for no reason at all his expression and the few words splashed more happiness into my already overflowing cup.

I tacked the edging to the lower shelves, and then Dick held the chair while I climbed up to reach the others. The top shelf was almost too high; I had to stretch and stand on tip-toe. "Be careful—" Dick warned, and as he spoke, it happened. I lost my balance; Dick caught me, lowered me to the floor. "I *told* you," he said shakily—and then he was kissing me, holding me hard and close, and all the happiness I'd known with him, all I was and all I felt for him fused and exploded into a rapture almost cruel in its intensity.

"*Dick—*" I pushed at his shoulders, gasping. I wanted my breath back, wanted words to tell him that I loved him, how exquisitely happy I was.

He released me so quickly that I was left standing suddenly, dizzily alone. "I'm sorry," he said heavily. "I shouldn't have done that. It's just—you've been so swell; I forgot myself—"

There was silence, an eternity of silence. I heard the tick of his watch, the drip of water from the tap. And my heart froze over and the blood turned to ice in my veins as I realized that I had the answer to all my hopes, all my fears of the past twenty-four hours—the wrong answer. As clearly as if he'd put it into words, Dick had just said that I was a nice girl, good company, pretty enough so that a man would want to kiss her—and that I meant no more to him than that.

"It's all right," I said.

He looked at the roll of scalloped paper in my hand. I'd forgotten it. "Maybe I'd better finish putting that up."

I swallowed, managed to laugh. "Yes," I answered. "Maybe you had."

The dream was over, and all the joy was gone out of being with him. There was no outward change between us—Dick finished trimming the shelves, and I admired his handiwork, and afterward we talked much as we'd talked at the restaurant the night before. But inside me, everything was different. My heart and my mind weren't skipping lightly ahead of me now, running after a beautiful, fantastic, but just barely possible dream; they were heavy and slow. Because I was hurt, it was hard to be pleasant; there was a brittle edge to some of my remarks.

Dick took out his wallet, showed me pictures of his home and his family. Among them was the picture of a pretty dark girl. "My brother's girl," he explained. "All the fellows on the ship carry pictures of their girls, so—I sort of borrowed her."

My heart was pleading, "Take me, take me—" But aloud I said lightly, "Don't you think it's time you got a girl of your own?"

"If I can find one."

"There are lots of girls," I assured him. "Lots of girls who'd be glad to give you their picture." Dick didn't answer, and I knew that I'd sounded cheap and taunting.

I WAS relieved when he said goodnight and went to his own room. I turned out the lights and crept in between the covers of the studio couch, grateful for the darkness, as if it could hide my own misery, and my anger at myself. Because it was all my fault. I built an incident into the dream of a lifetime; I'd interpreted a man's friendliness as something much more important.



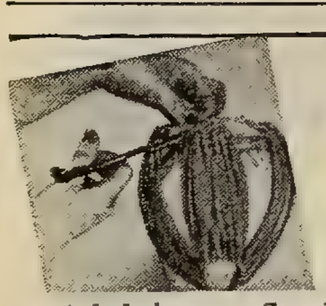


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QUEST

All-purpose DEODORANT

The positive deodorant powder that destroys all body odors!

Waking in the morning on the soft couch was worse than waking on the hard station bench had been. There was no Dick a few feet away, guarding me; there was only the cold gray light that was like a reflection of the cold grayness in my heart. And it hurt, when I made coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast, to remember how happily I'd worked at this very stove only a few hours before. Then Dick knocked on the door, and in spite of myself, my heart leaped. "Look," he said when he saw the breakfast table, "you shouldn't have gone to that trouble. I meant to take you downtown for breakfast—"

"We had breakfast downtown yesterday." My crisp voice put miles between us. But secretly I was agreeing with him. "No," I thought stonily, "I shouldn't have cooked breakfast. I shouldn't have made dinner last night, either. I've embarrassed you, and I'm sorry. I'll find some way out of this—" Then there was a knock, and Mrs. Malone poked her head in the door. "There's a train to Medina at ten o'clock," she said. "I thought you'd like to know."

I exclaimed, "Good!" and smiled widely, falsely, at her. I didn't look at Dick. I didn't want to see how pleased, how relieved he was.

Dick thanked her, but after she'd gone, he looked at me in bewilderment. "How does she happen to keep track of the trains?"

"She offered to call for us when I came in from shopping last night. Didn't I tell you?"

HE looked at me oddly. "No, you didn't." And then— "I suppose you're anxious to get to Medina."

"I am," I said. "Very." A silence fell between us, but there wasn't time for it to grow strained. There was just time to wash the dishes and to straighten the rooms and to get to the station.

It was easier after we were on the train. Dick had bought magazines and we sat leafing through them, laughing over the cartoons—or at least, I pretended to laugh. I didn't really see one of them. At noon in the diner we sat with a woman who, like us, had been delayed, and lunch went by on an account of the two nights she'd spent in the station. After lunch the man sitting ahead of us noticed Dick's service ribbons and started a conversation. I sat back and closed my eyes and tried to stifle a proprietary pride in Dick, told myself that I was being a bigger fool than ever. It was fairly obvious that he didn't especially enjoy talking to the man, and was doing it only because he'd run out of things to say to me.

The man got off at Mayville, which was only a few miles from Medina, and after that I had material for conversation. I pointed out the golf course where Bill played, the inn on the highway where Bill and Irene went for steak dinners, the lake where we went swimming, and I was aware that I sounded pleased and proud, that I was really saying defiantly, "See how much better all this is than what you have to offer; this is where I belong." And all the while a fist was closing around my heart, tightly and more tightly, until the conductor came through calling, "Medina!" Then I didn't have any heart left at all, only a kind of numb determination to get through the parting.

It was years, it seemed, before we were off the train, had made our way through the crowd into the station—

years, but only minutes, too, before I was holding out my hand, thinking, "It's over. It's over. It *can't* be—" Aloud I said, "I want to thank you so much. You've been so kind—"

"Thank you. I—can't I get you a cab? I've an hour before my train—"

An hour. In a minute I was going to cry. "No, thank you. My brother will meet me. I wired him—" Dick probably knew that I hadn't wired Bill, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that I get away in time. Then we said goodby again, and shook hands again, and I was walking away from him, rapidly, following the porter.

The porter led me through the door, set the grips down. "You'll have to wait for a cab, Miss."

I tipped him, looked blankly at the crowds waiting for taxis, packing into them as they'd packed into taxis in that other station where Dick had asked me to dinner—and at that my self-control broke. I backed into a corner of a bench, turned my back on the crowd, and cried, silently, not caring that tears were raining down my face, not caring that it was broad afternoon and people must be looking.

Hands turned me around, hands that were big and hard, but tender, too. "Louise—"

Dick. I just looked at him, past caring that he saw how beaten and sodden I was.

"Louise, what's the matter?"

I SHOOK my head, tried to smile. "I'm sorry. The trip was tiring. And I'm a little tired—"

"That's not it." His eyes were very blue, very serious, very searching. "Louise—I'm no good at saying how I feel—but I wanted to ask you to write to me. Only I didn't want you to think—I mean, we were sort of thrown together—"

I found my voice suddenly and my courage, too. "Thrown together," I said, "for the most wonderful two days I've ever known."

For a long moment he didn't say anything. Only a little muscle jumped in his cheek; his hands tightened on my arms. Then he drew a deep breath and said, "You know—I didn't want you to write, not for a while. What I really wanted—Louise, will you come home with me, now? Will you come home and meet Mom and Dad, so they can get to know you, and so you and I—"

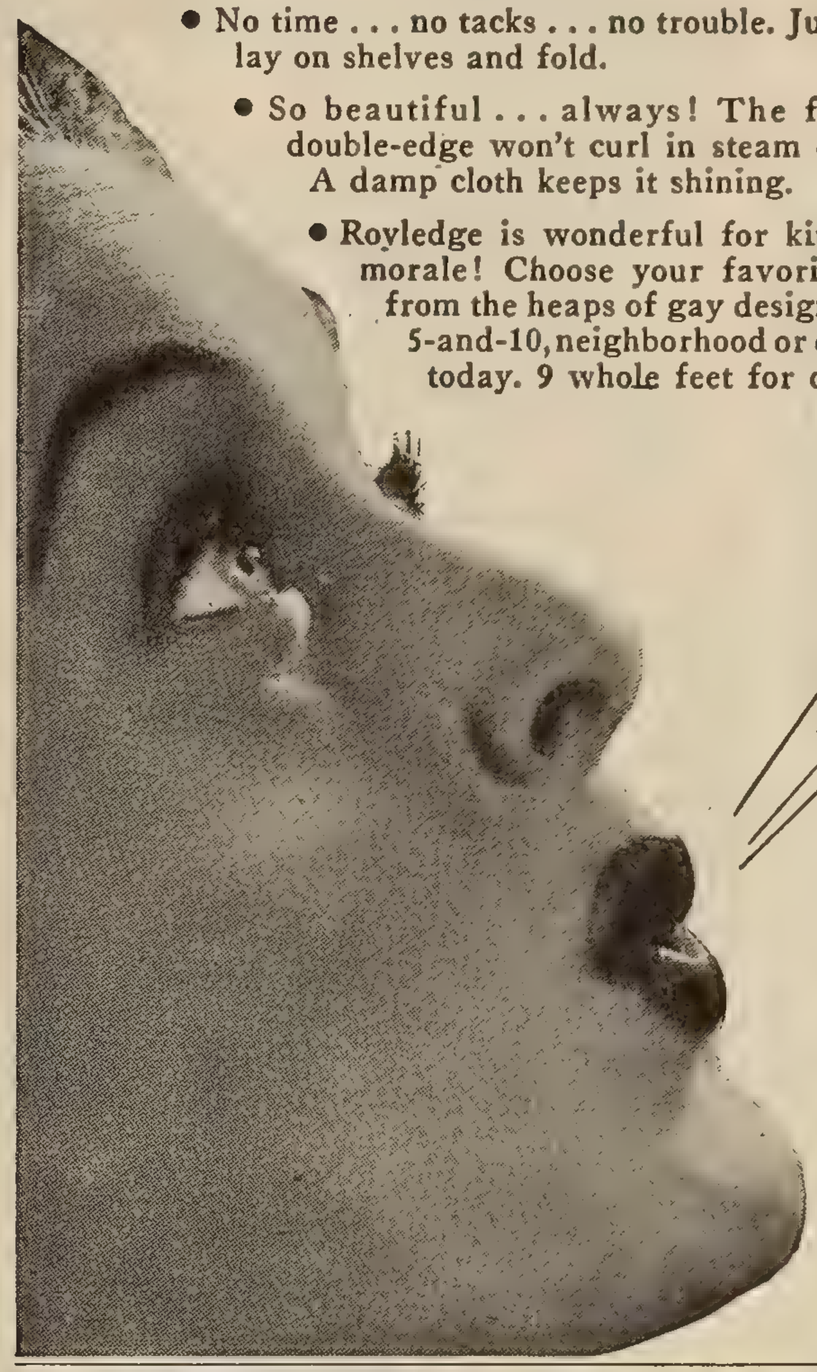
It was too much all at once. The wonderful explosive happiness was rising inside me again, and I dared not give way to it. I had to be sure. "You don't know me," I began. "How can you be certain—?"

"I know," said Dick steadily, "that you can make pure heaven out of a furnished room. I know that we've shared quite a lot of living together these last days. I know that I've never been as happy as I've been in those days. Isn't that enough?"

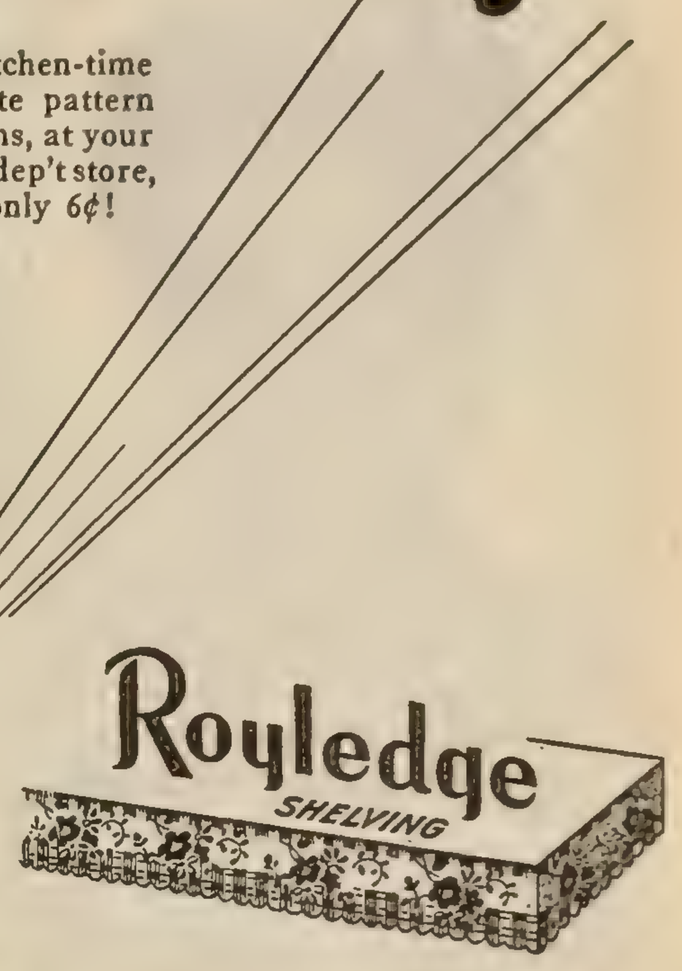
It was enough, and more. It was enough for now, to stand there in the exquisite joy of the moment, with a dozen people around us, frankly staring. To hear Dick remind me, "You'll have to call your brother and tell him about your—your change of plans." And then to add, as he picked up my bags and looked around the station, "Well, here we are again. Waiting for a train."

I put my hand in the crook of his elbow. I was too happy to say anything. There we were, the way I knew we'd always be—together.

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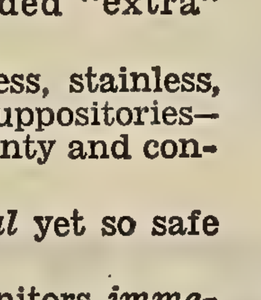


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You're Invited

Continued from page 48

heat (350 degrees F.). Sift flour once before measuring. Then, in preparing your other ingredients, follow this procedure:

Measure into sifter
- 2½ cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsps. double-acting baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1¼ cups sugar

Measure into bowl
- ⅔ cup vegetable shortening

Measure into cup
- 1 cup milk
- 1½ tsps. vanilla

Have ready
- 5 egg whites beaten to meringue with
- ½ cup sugar

(Beat egg whites with rotary beater or at high speed of electric mixer until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will stand in soft peaks.)

Mix or stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add liquid and mix until all flour is dampened, then beat 2 minutes. Add meringue mixture and beat 1 minute longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.) Turn batter into pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until done, about 45 minutes. Spread top and sides with Fluffy Seven Minute Frosting. Outline bell on top of cake, using paper pattern and toothpick. Fill in with silver dragees or with frosting tinted a delicate pink. Decorate sides of cake with coconut, if available. If no coconut is available, there are other packaged sprinkles that are still on the market. But the cake with its white frosting will be attractive enough without further decoration.

Fluffy Seven Minute Frosting

- 2 egg whites, unbeaten
- 1½ cups light corn syrup
- Pinch salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Combine unbeaten egg whites, corn syrup and salt in top of double boiler, beating with egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes. When done, frosting should stand in peaks. Remove from heat, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. If frosting separates in bottom of pan before spreading, beat with egg beater until blended.

Strawberry Sherbet

- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 cups water
- 1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
- 2 cups water or 1 cup water and 1 cup orange juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind

Combine sugar and 2 cups water and boil 2 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add 2 cups water, lemon juice, and orange rind. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator, setting control for coldest freezing temperature. When partially frozen, turn into cold bowl and beat with rotary egg beater until blended and fluffy. Return to tray. Freeze 30 minutes longer and stir; then freeze until firm. Freezing time: 5 to 6 hours. Makes 1½ quarts.

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Carefully perfected by hair experts, the *new* Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is easier than ever to apply — complete in itself for use at home. Not a dye — not an expensive "treatment." Excellent, too, for lightening arm and leg hair . . . At all drug counters.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

PAIN
Pulls You Down

DO you sometimes have **Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia or Functional Monthly Pains?** Take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for quick relief. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c. Large Economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.**



Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster— Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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In service and out, Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish has earned its popularity. No other nail enamel offers such a range of high-fashion colors, such ease of application and such long wear—at such low cost.

Dr. Ellis' BEAUTY AIDS

NAIL POLISH—WAVE SET
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CORNS SPEEDILY REMOVED

DOCTOR'S RELIEF ACTS INSTANTLY

Prevents Corns, Sore Toes From Tight Shoes



WHEN you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your aching corns or sore toes—you'll marvel how tormenting shoe friction stops and painful pressure is instantly lifted. They take the pinch or "bite" out of new or tight shoes. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads prevent corns, tender spots, blisters, instep ridges.

Used with the separate *Medications* included, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily remove corns. Are as easy to apply as a postage stamp. Stay on in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toiletry Counters. Get a box today.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"I'm So Very Happy"

Continued from page 47

stage. And that was the moment that my heart finally made my mind understand why it had been pumping so fast these last months. Why, I was in love with Alan Young—imagine that!

Three days later a letter came from Alan. I tore the envelope to shreds in my haste to get to it. He wrote that he was sorry he hadn't seen me when I was up—*even though I deserved the same brush-off I had given him*—and he asked if I wouldn't come back for a weekend.

I began asking people about him. The first thing I learned was that he was in radio—and that was exciting. I'd never known anyone in show business, but I'd read enough about it so that I thought it was an enchanted world. So I began to picture Alan taking me to broadcasting studios, to big hotels, backstage at theaters, dining and chatting familiarly with celebrities. Oh, I had the whole of our lives worked out in close detail!

We began to write to each other regularly. But my letters worried him. "In one paragraph," he complained later, "you would sound as if you were keen about me. Then in the next you'd be cold and formal!" So he took my letters to his sister for advice.

"What does Mary Ann mean, anyway?" he asked her. Thank goodness, Harriette could quite easily understand what went on in another girl's mind. "Well," she told him, "she likes you—that's obvious. But she isn't going to put her heart on paper until she knows the condition of your heart—and I don't blame her!"

ALAN may be quiet and reserved, but no one can accuse him of procrastinating. I came up for the weekend, and I hadn't been in Vancouver for an hour before he asked me if I would wear that ring I told you about. And he had my answer. I don't procrastinate, either.

I think Alan and I fell in love because essentially we're exactly the same kind of people. I never did believe in the "opposites attract" theory, anyway. Alan says he fell in love with me because I have big feet that turn in, never asked him what he did, never told him how to do it. He likes the fact that my dinner-table conversation is likely to be limited to "Pass the salt, please," and "I'll have coffee."

He doesn't have big feet that turn in. Otherwise, I fell in love with him for the same reason that he fell in love with me. Funny men are supposed to work overtime being funny—but not Alan. Humor is his job, and when the day's work is over he leaves it at the microphone or the typewriter.

Between August, when we became engaged, and February, when we were married, Alan and I saw each other only three times—just enough to agree that we'd have a quiet home wedding with only our immediate families and intimate friends. I would wear, I decided, a pink afternoon dress with navy blue accessories and a navy blue hat. I've always regretted that decision. You see, I never want or expect to be married again, and no matter how happy and contented I am now, I'll always feel just a little bit cheated—I wish with all my heart I'd decided on a big splurge with white satin and

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The moment she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them ...for she is *varvacious!* Varva's perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons she's so very *very*...

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
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PARFUMS *Nonchalant*
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STAMMER? GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 44 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 1172, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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BOILS • • • SIMPLE SPRAIN BRUISE SORE MUSCLES • • • SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice does two important things:

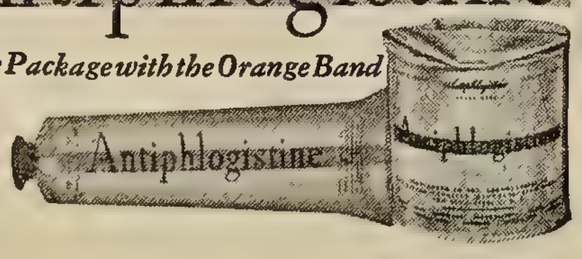
One—helps ease the pain and soreness. *Two*—helps soften the boil.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE should be applied as a poultice just hot enough to be comfortable. Then feel its *moist heat* go right to work on that boil—bringing soothing relief and comfort. Does good, feels good.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain and reduces swelling due to a simple sprain or bruise . . . and relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) at any drug store TODAY.

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SKIN CLEAR and Exquisitely LOVELY

Clear it with KREMOLA aid! KREMOLA is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy, gentlemen will admire. At druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. MAC-11, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Send $1.25 for 2 oz. jar, plus 20% tax, or 10c for generous purse sample, for daily powder-base. Use only as directed.



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and never on again when *Caress* is used this new, safe, easy way

No one need ever know about that ugly superfluous hair on face or lips if you follow this amazing, different *Caress* way. This thrilling, modern, scientific method has helped thousands of otherwise lovely women from Hollywood to Miami to new beauty. It is so new and revolutionary, it has been granted a U.S. Patent. Just a twist of the wrist every few days and you need never see a superfluous hair on your face again. No smelly liquid, or possibly injurious wax or paste. No after stubble—will not irritate the skin or stimulate hair growth. Also, just wonderful for arms and legs.

Double your money back if you are not lovelier in a few seconds. *Send no money.* Simply mail coupon below. Comes in plain wrapper. On arrival, pay postman $1.00 plus postage. Pay no tax. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Rush coupon today.

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a veil and all the other trimmings.

Apparently Alan's and my idea of a "few friends" didn't agree—he was horrified when over a hundred guests turned up for the wedding. In turn, I tried to be understanding of the fact that our honeymoon had, of necessity, to consist only of the drive home to Vancouver—Alan had to get back to work. We were married on a Wednesday, and on the following Friday Alan opened as master of ceremonies of a bathing girl revue. I didn't really mind the brief honeymoon so much, anyway—I was eager to see the apartment Alan had rented and furnished for us in advance. Having spent my whole life in a big house I found the thought of a small apartment with only Alan and me to live in it more exciting than anything I'd ever looked forward to before. Besides, I wanted very much to sit in the audience at Alan's show—perhaps to point out to some sympathetic stranger beside me, as Alan's mother had pointed him out to me, "That's my husband!"

Harriette went to Alan's first matinee with me, and I'm sure that no one within earshot had the slightest doubt that Harriette was Alan's sister and I his bride. Our pride knew no bounds, and, in my case at least, went before the proverbial fall. For afterwards, backstage, one of the bathing girls brushed past me to get to Alan's dressingroom, put her arms around him, and greeted him more than warmly as *"Darling!"*

I WAS so miserable I couldn't even speak for two days. Alan had a great deal of trouble making me understand that in show business people were like that, that her gesture was mere exuberance over the success of the performance, and that she meant no more calling him darling than she would have calling him chum, or pal.

But I soon got used to show business, and I love it! I'd never been in anything like it before, and the life we lived seemed, and still seems, crazy and perfectly wonderful to me. We went to bed early in the morning and got up at noon. When Alan went to his typewriter to work on scripts, I went shopping. Usually I shopped at a nearby delicatessen which specialized in pre-cooked meals that had only to be heated. The first time I got the whole dinner, we had a meat loaf Mother had taught me to make. Poor Alan made the mistake of saying how much he liked it—so he got it over and over, and he's still getting it, as a matter of fact, when we have enough red points! Other times, we have some dishes Mother didn't teach me to make—things I've had fun learning, all by myself, to put together.

Our real honeymoon came a while after we were married, and can be summed up in two short sentences: We went to Toronto. We went broke.

Here's how it happened. We thought we had money enough and to spare. Like a pair of children, we hadn't the remotest idea how much it takes to travel in the style to which we decided we'd like to be accustomed. We stopped at a wonderful hotel, bought a lot of clothes, had the best of everything. All of which we felt, of course, befitted Alan's position. And suddenly we woke up to the fact that we didn't have any money left! Sight-seeing at the Casa Loma we didn't have the price of admission, and could only wander about outside. It was a good thing both of us were well equipped with a

sense of humor—that was about all we had left. But we still could laugh, as we did when a theatre manager told Alan that "We would like to have you m.c. our show, but we know we can't afford you," the same day Alan had to pawn his watch for ten dollars so that we could eat. Another time we had exactly twenty-five cents to buy a dinner at a fruit stand. That was a night we'll never forget. The heat was oppressive, and we weren't used to it. All of a sudden it stopped being funny. We decided it was high time to go home.

On the train home, fortunately, we met a pilot friend who insisted on our having dinner with him. Even so, we arrived in Vancouver with exactly fifty cents—which is the bus fare to West Vancouver, where we lived.

"So I married you for your money?" I asked him, as weary and disgusted, but beginning to think it was funny all over again, we finally got home. Alan had always said that I'd only married him because I knew he would be rich.

He didn't answer me, because he was opening the mail that had collected in our absence. Grinning, he displayed a handsome check—a check that should have been forwarded to us in Toronto. His answer was simple. "Yes," he said —and he still sticks to it.

The next week, Alan started a new radio show. We felt very prosperous and Toronto and all its troubles faded like a bad dream. We remembered only the fun we'd had, and began to dream all over again—this time of a New York apartment high above Park Avenue . . . of a big, sunny nursery, and babies . . .

But although, in our quiet way, we're the world's biggest pair of optimists, even we couldn't imagine how soon those new dreams of ours were going to come true. Sometimes now, when we go to Reubens after late broadcasts and sit the night away talking to famous people we'd only read about before—when we fly up Park Avenue in a taxi—when we tiptoe into the nursery where Alanna is sleeping and which another baby soon will share —I have to pinch myself. And Alan, too, by request. We simply can't believe we aren't still dreaming!

Our first four years have been wonderful. And it looks to me as if the next forty would be even better!

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OF NEXT MONTH'S RADIO ROMANCES

Formerly Radio Mirror

TODAY

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Hollywood-designed by leading studio make-up artists to give you a perfect lipline every time—no fuzzy edges, no unsightly smears. Use with your favorite brand and color lipstick or rouge. Beautiful, streamlined lucite fountain pen case-in stunning mother-of-pearl colors.

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Exquisite Onyx-like Picture Ring—made from any photo. **Send No Money!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25c extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size now.
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I HATE GRAY HAIR!



Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, *proving* its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness — *today!* Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original.* Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

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St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
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Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy—really clean.

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Both mother and daughter are of Tampax age!



SOME families have a double opportunity to discover Tampax. It may be the *daughter* who brings home the good news about this invisible type of monthly sanitary protection. Or it may be the *mother* who first gets these young ideas. Whichever way it happens, such a family will very soon have *two* voices saying "Thanks to Tampax!"

This Tampax is quite different from the external napkin-type product you are accustomed to, as you can see from the following list of points . . . It is worn internally. There are no pins or belts. No odor is formed. It may be worn in tub or shower. You can go in swimming with it. No chafing, no bulges or ridges. Made of pure surgical cotton. Small and dainty, it is inserted by throw-away applicator. When in place you cannot feel it. Quick changing. Easy disposal.

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Invented by a doctor, Tampax is sold in *3 absorbencies* at drug stores, notion counters. Month's average supply will go in your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



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Welcome Home

Continued from page 37

tional education is available to any veteran who satisfactorily completes this one year's education or training and who was *under 25 years of age at the time of his induction,* or who was *over 25 but can prove that his education or training was interrupted by service in the Armed Forces.* In this instance, the Government assumes that persons under 25 were in the process of being educated and have the right to complete that education.

There are limitations to these provisions, of course. This additional education, for instance, is limited to a period equal to the length of time of service on or after September 15, 1940 and the end of the war. The total period of education cannot exceed four years and, naturally, the veteran's work must come up to the standards set by the school he attends.

Applications for these courses can be filed at the regional office of the Veterans Administration where the veteran's case is filed, or in the regional office in the State in which the institution he wishes to attend is located, or with the institution itself if the institution will forward the application immediately to the Veterans Administration. Courses must be started not later than two years after the veteran's discharge, or the end of the war, whichever is later. No courses will be offered under the provisions of this law beyond seven years after the war has ended.

THE Government pays to the institution for each veteran enrolled the tuition fees and all incidentals except living expenses and travel, up to not more than $500 for an ordinary school year. In addition, the veteran receives a subsistence allowance of $50 a month, if he has no dependents, or $75, if he has dependents, as long as his work is satisfactory and his education continues.

PAYMENTS TO UNEMPLOYED VETERANS: These are called Readjustment Allowances. Unemployment, in order to make a veteran eligible for these benefits, must occur between September 14, 1944 and 2 years after the veteran's separation from active service, or the end of the war, whichever is later, but not later than five years after the war is ended. The maximum number of weeks for which they may be paid to any veteran is determined by the time he was in active service between September 16, 1940 and the end of the war.

The Readjustment Allowance to a completely unemployed veteran is set at $20 a week. This sum is reduced by any amount that he may get for the same period of unemployment from any other Federal or State unemployment or disability compensation act. No deduction is made, however, for any pension, compensation or retired pay he may be entitled to get from the Veterans Administration. A veteran who has his own business, trade or profession and can show that his net earnings for any calendar month are less than $100 is entitled to the difference between his income and $100, always subject to the time limitations mentioned above.

In order to be eligible for these allowances the veteran must reside in the United States, must be registered with and reporting to a public employment office, and be able to work and available for suitable work. There are very clearly drawn provisions concerning what is to be deemed suitable work.





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FLEA POWDER
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Simple Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug, dept. stores.

Veterans are disqualified from receiving these allowances, if they leave suitable work without cause, or refuse to accept suitable work without cause.

The allowances are administered by the Administrator of Veterans Affairs, but the actual servicing is done through various State Unemployment Commissions or Departments and applications should be made to them.

EMPLOYMENT: The Bill of Rights entitles a veteran to reinstatement in a job he left after May 1, 1940 to enter active service, or to a position of like status, seniority and pay—if that position was in the employ of the U. S. Government or a private employer, under the following conditions:

1. The position was not temporary.
2. The veteran must have received an honorable discharge certificate.
3. He must apply for reinstatement within 90 days of his discharge.
4. He must still be qualified to perform the duties of the position.
5. If the position was in private employ, the employer's circumstances must not have been changed so as to make it impossible or unreasonable for him to reinstate the veteran.

Under the direct leadership of the Veterans' Placement Service, the Selective Service System, the U. S. Employment Service with its special branch called the Veterans Employment Service and many other agencies cooperate to make the veteran's change from military to civilian activity as easy and fast as possible. The actual operations of placement are carried out by the State and local offices of the U. S. Employment Service. Veterans seeking employment on farms will be assisted by the County Agent of the War Food Administration Extension Service. Placement in jobs on railroads is through the Railroad Retirement Board.

All veterans should be made aware of the preferences that will be given them if they wish to seek employment in the U. S. Civil Service. Naturally, all persons who left such jobs to enter military service are entitled to get them back upon honorable discharge, with all the benefits of status, seniority and rate of pay. The Civil Service will give preference to other veterans, too, however, including honorably discharged veterans who served on active duty during any war or in any campaign for which a campaign badge is author-

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Friday, June 15th

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ized; honorably discharged veterans who at any time served on active duty in the U. S. Armed Forces and can prove by official records the existence of a service-connected disability, or are receiving compensations for such a disability from the Veterans Administration, or the War or Navy Departments; the wives of disabled veterans, when the veterans themselves cannot qualify for civil service employment because of their disabilities and the wives can qualify; the unmarried widows of honorably discharged veterans.

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Letters From a Soldier

Continued from page 19

fun. Any time you have a chance to go out, go right ahead. That is—as long as the guy you're with isn't handsomer and a better dancer than your husband! Seriously, though, I do want you to go out. I won't be jealous—much. All I'll want is a full report, giving names, dates, and places visited—and that's only because I like to know where you are and what you're doing every minute and second of the day, so I can picture you, and feel that I'm there with you. No—I'm trying to kid us both. There's no use pretending I really want you to go out with other fellows, because I don't. If I had my way, I'd seal you up in a crystal casket until I could come back and let you out. But I know that's dam-foolishness, and I'm anything but proud of it. You've got a perfect right to have some fun. I'd be the worst kind of a heel if I expected you to work hard all day and then sit at home twiddling your thumbs.

How is Bert, by the way? I haven't heard from him in weeks. He used to write to me a lot. Hope he isn't brooding again about being a 4-F, and having to stay there in Herkimer—I thought he'd got all over that. Tell him to plant himself at that glass-topped desk of his and write me a letter. We're still pals, even if he did sell me a lot of insurance.

WELL, sweetheart, there isn't anything more for me to write about. It's the first of April, and spring ought to be on its way, but there's not much sign of it up here. I've got to admit, though, it's not as cold in Newfoundland as I thought it would be. Not cold—just lonely. I love you.

Rod.

April 15

Dear Gale,

Gosh, honey, you don't have to get sore. I'm sorry now I ever mentioned what Phil said—or rather, what he didn't say. I wouldn't have, if I'd known it was going to upset you. That's the trouble with being so far away from each other—we can't sit down and talk things over, and tell each other what's really in our minds. I suppose that letter of mine sounded worse than I meant it to—it must have, because I didn't mean for it to sound bad at all. I was just worried, that was all, not suspicious about anything, as you seem to think. What is there to be suspicious about? You're my wife, and we love each other. When I married you I gave you everything I had—all my love, all my trust and confidence—everything. I'd as soon not trust myself, as not trust you.

This business has sort of set me back on my heels, though—made me wish we could have got to know each other better before I went away. It couldn't have happened this way, if we had. Or could it? Darned if I know. One of the fellows up here has been married eight or nine years, and he's got two kids. But that guy spends all his time wondering if his wife's running around with other fellows while he's away. I don't think he actually believes she is. He just wonders, and wondering is driving him nuts. He showed me her picture the other day, and she's only a nice, decent looking woman, not at all pretty. I couldn't very well



look at the picture and then tell him he didn't have anything to worry about—but I thought to myself, Suppose he was married to Gale, with her big violet eyes and long lashes and movie-star figure—See how it can get a guy, not knowing? Honest, I'm not suspicious about anything—but if I was, I don't think you could blame me.

Well, that's enough about something that's all finished and done with. Let's forget it, and talk about something pleasant for a change. You know what I've been thinking? The war can't last forever, and I've been figuring out what I'd like to do when I get back home. I could have my old job back again, I suppose, but I'm not sure I want it. I'd rather be in something for myself, and I think I know what kind of business it would be. Building houses, that's what, and right there in Herkimer. I'll bet after the war there'll be dozens, maybe hundreds of people—Herkimer people—wanting new places. I'll have a little money saved up, and maybe Dad could lend me some more. I know I could make good at it—I always did like that sort of thing, and I've got a lot of new ideas. But here's the real reason I'm telling you about it. I want you to tell Bert. When we were in high school together, we used to talk about being partners together someday. It never worked out, but maybe it would, after the war. Oh well—I know it's all way ahead in the future, but I like to think about it. Being partners with my best friend, living there in Herkimer with you, in a new house I'd helped build myself, maybe with a kid or two running around—Sounds like heaven, doesn't it?

Thanks, baby, for dropping in to see Mom. She appreciated it a lot. You never mentioned it in your letters, but she wrote me about it—said you looked swell. Try to do it often. You know, she'd like nothing better than to pretend she's your mother too. She never could get over your not having any folks of your own. I'd better sign off now. All my love.

Rod.

April 30

Dear Gale,

What goes on? I haven't heard from you in more than two weeks, though

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the mail's been coming in regularly. Don't tell me you're still sore. I couldn't stand that. We're too far apart, and it takes so long for letters to go back and forth. If I could only *see* you, and talk to you—then I wouldn't have this feeling of being suspended somewhere in space, thrashing with my feet and never finding any solid ground for them to stand on. Maybe you're just busy. But what at? What is there to keep you so busy you don't have time to write a letter?

This is going to be a short letter itself. I'm in a pretty sour mood, and if I write much more I'm likely to say something I'll be sorry for later. Love,

Rod.

May 5

Dearest,

This is our first anniversary, and I got an anniversary present yesterday —a letter from you, just when I'd about decided you weren't ever going to write to me again. It was worth waiting for, though. You really can write a good long letter if you try, can't you, honey?

Sure, I know how time can fly past. It used to for me, too. And I found out, the few days I got to live with you, how many things a girl has to do—washing her hair, and doing her nails, and so forth. I guess you're pretty tired when night comes, too. Tell that boss of yours, Bert, not to work you so hard. Tell him I said so! But I'm glad he took you out dancing a couple of times. I might have known he'd look after my interests and keep the wolves away.

IT'S funny to think it's only a year since we were married. All that seems so long ago. Driving out to Lake Park in Dad's car, and sitting there, talking—and suddenly me asking you to marry me, and almost falling out of the car in surprise when you said yes. I couldn't believe it—we'd only known each other such a short time, and there were only a few more days before I had to go back to camp. I hadn't meant to ask you, but the lake was shining so in the moonlight, and you were so close and so very, very sweet. Golly, suppose I hadn't taken the chance!

I'll bet you're remembering too, tonight, how we sat there and laid our plans—how we decided it would be simpler and easier all around if we didn't tell anybody, but just eloped. You were right, of course, though I felt a little guilty over not letting my folks in on the secret. They were good sports about it, though—you've got to admit that.

It was a crazy marriage—deciding on the spur of the moment, driving away without telling anybody and having the ceremony performed by a sleepy old Justice of the Peace, and then only having a three-day honeymoon, plus another ten days on my last leave. Crazy but fun, wasn't it? Well, we'll make up for the craziness when I get back. We'll be the stodgiest, most ordinary couple in Herkimer, and the happiest. And maybe not really getting a chance to know each other will be all to the good. We'll each have a lot of surprises coming.

I guess you can tell I'm pretty blamed happy tonight. Getting your letter was like waking up from a bad dream. I look back and I can't even recognize the guy who sat around chewing his fingernails and snapping at everybody, just because he couldn't

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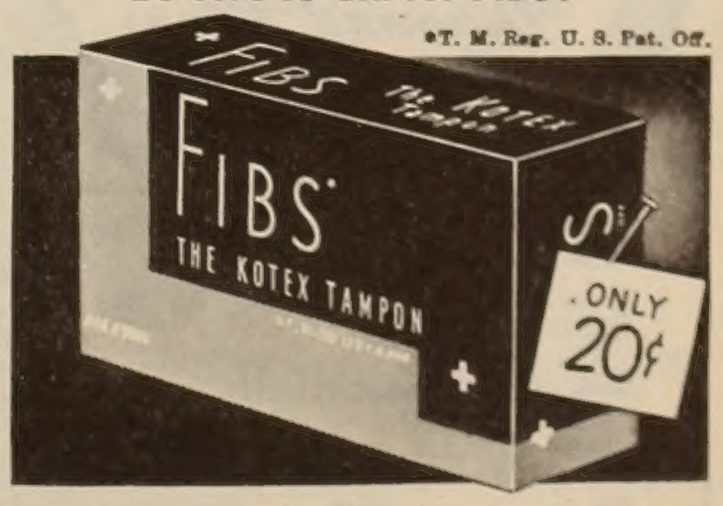
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get his mind off wondering how things were going a couple of thousand miles away. Especially Phil Rulison. I got so I couldn't take being alone with him—couldn't talk naturally, because I was afraid we'd start talking about Herkimer and he might say—something, I didn't know what. Heck of a note. I'm not neurotic, I just act as if I was, sometimes.

Good night, and I hope you had as happy an anniversary as I did. Give my regards to Bert. All my love.

Rod.

May 26

Dear Bert,

I got your letter. I'm glad you wrote it, even if it was about the toughest thing I ever had to read in all my life—just as this is going to be the toughest to write.

I don't know what to say to you. You feel bad enough as it is—I could tell that, easy enough—and you're going to feel worse when you finish this. Because I can't just say go ahead and the devil take you. I could do that to somebody else, maybe, but not to you. We were kids together, and I always thought of you as my best friend. It hasn't been your fault—I know that even better than you do. So I've got to tell you, and then you'll have to go ahead and make up your own mind—if you can.

Get this, though. I'm not trying to get revenge on anybody, not even on *her*. As far as I'm concerned, she's—well, it's like she'd died. I'm not ashamed to tell you I cried for her, the way you'd cry if anybody you loved was dead. Of course, I never loved her—not the real Gale. I loved somebody I thought was Gale, somebody I dreamed up, with her help. But the girl I loved never existed at all. Neither does the girl you love.

Do you begin to get it? It'll take you quite a while—it did me. I opened your letter, and read it, and at first I felt like laughing, because it didn't make any sense. Here you were, writing to me just as if I was up on all the latest news. You said: "I know how you feel, Rod, and I don't blame you. It's pretty low to steal your friend's wife while he's in the Army. But look at it calmly, and you'll see it doesn't do any good to go on refusing to let Gale divorce you. It was all a mistake, your getting married in the first place. Gale loves me, and I love her. I'm sorry it's worked out that way, but it has. Go on hating me, call me everything you can think of—but write to Gale and tell her you've reconsidered, and she can have her divorce. She doesn't know I'm writing to you—she thought it would sound better coming from her and seems to think she ought to try again."

Sure, I hated you for awhile, and I called you plenty. Even now, I don't want to see you for a good long time, if ever. I can't help feeling that way, though I know it wasn't your fault as much as it was hers. Because you see, Bert—your letter was the first I'd heard of any divorce. Gale hadn't mentioned one. In fact, in one letter she said particularly that everything was fine, she missed me and loved me. She even mentioned casually that you'd taken her out dancing a couple of times—as if the boss was giving the little secretary a night out. If she told you she'd written and asked me for a divorce, then she was lying.

She's done quite a bit of lying to both of us.

Why? I mean why did she do it? You know as well as I do. You've seen her when she meets a man for the first time—that inquiring, eager, speculative look. You know how everything in her concentrates on putting the guy under a spell—you must know, it's happened to you. Maybe she can't help it, maybe she's made that way, so she needs the fun (it's just fun to her) of having a man worshipping her, being fooled by her. Sex is her game; it's what she lives for, with all her daintiness and cute ways. Maybe she really intended to play it straight when we got married. Or maybe she didn't, and the allotment was the big attraction. I wouldn't know about that.

The funny thing is—I think I always knew, down inside me, that I couldn't trust her. I used to laugh when I read a piece in the paper quoting some social-service big shot mumbling about the dangers of hasty war marriages. All the same, it bothered me that we were married in such a hurry, and that I never had a real chance to get acquainted with her. Not that it probably would have done me much good—*you* got to know her well enough, working with her in the office, and she was smart enough to fool you.

Then there were a lot of little things that happened—a funny look on Phil Rulison's face when I asked about her, and the way she'd never open up and be friends with my family, and her extravagance with money, and not bothering to write to me for weeks at a time. But most of all it was her agreeing to marry me on such short notice, almost as if marrying someone didn't mean much to her. All these things should have made me wonder. They *did* make me wonder, only I shoved the wondering out of sight, wouldn't admit it was there. A man in the Army wants somebody to love, the way he wants three meals a day and a place to sleep. Even more, because he can get along without the meals and the bed, but he can't get along without the other. Except that I guess I'll have to get along without it now.

I'm not writing to Gale. This is your show now, Bert—I'm finished. I wonder what you'll do?

Rod.

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Fashion News for the June Bride

three stunning head dresses... three appropriate hair-dos!

On this page, NORMA RICHTER . . . lovely New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . models three stunning, new bridal head dresses and shows you an appropriate hair-do for each. (*Above*) An exquisite head dress of orange blossoms and pearls, shaped like the brim of a bonnet. Here Norma's hair-do is suitably demure, but smart . . . the front held close to the head, the back in a soft page-boy roll. The shining beauty of her hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which Norma always uses. She knows no other shampoo leaves her hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

All bridal head dresses on this page by John Frederics famous New York hat designers

FOR THE INFORMAL WEDDING, this adorable coronet of pink carnations, held on with narrow satin ribbon, tied under the hair at back. With this head dress, Norma's bewitching hair-do (with its Empress Eugenie look) is simply perfect! Bewitching, too, is Norma's shining smooth hair, shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!



PALE PASTEL SHADES are now good taste, even for formal weddings. This head dress is just a simple bandeau of tulle, to which the veil is attached. Norma's lovely hair, swept up at back, forms a tiara of shining puffs. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that wondrous, lustrous smoothness. No other shampoo gives such thrilling results!



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